You are entitled to a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 20.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 560. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 161083

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SPECIAL OFFER

Post five penny stamps to EXCELDA Handkerchief Co., 60, Mosley Street, Manchester, and you will receive in return, post paid, one sample of superior quality *Gentleman's Full-sized Hemstitched* EXCELDA Handkerchief

This sample is sent by the manufacturer to the consumer to prove the exceptional good value of Excelda handkerchiefs. This offer applies in the United Kingdom only. To avoid mistakes please write name and address plainly and fully.

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Steele's Adv. Ser.

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Money buys more at the "Midland."

You have over £100,000 worth of the finest furniture to choose from, at prices suited to every one, each price is a bargain and is clearly marked; ten per cent. off when you pay cash, and no charge at all for interest if you pay out of income and don't draw on your capital. Compare the money-saving Midland prices with those charged elsewhere for anything like the same grand quality of furniture and you will find that the Midland terms are what they claim to be, *Ideal Terms.*

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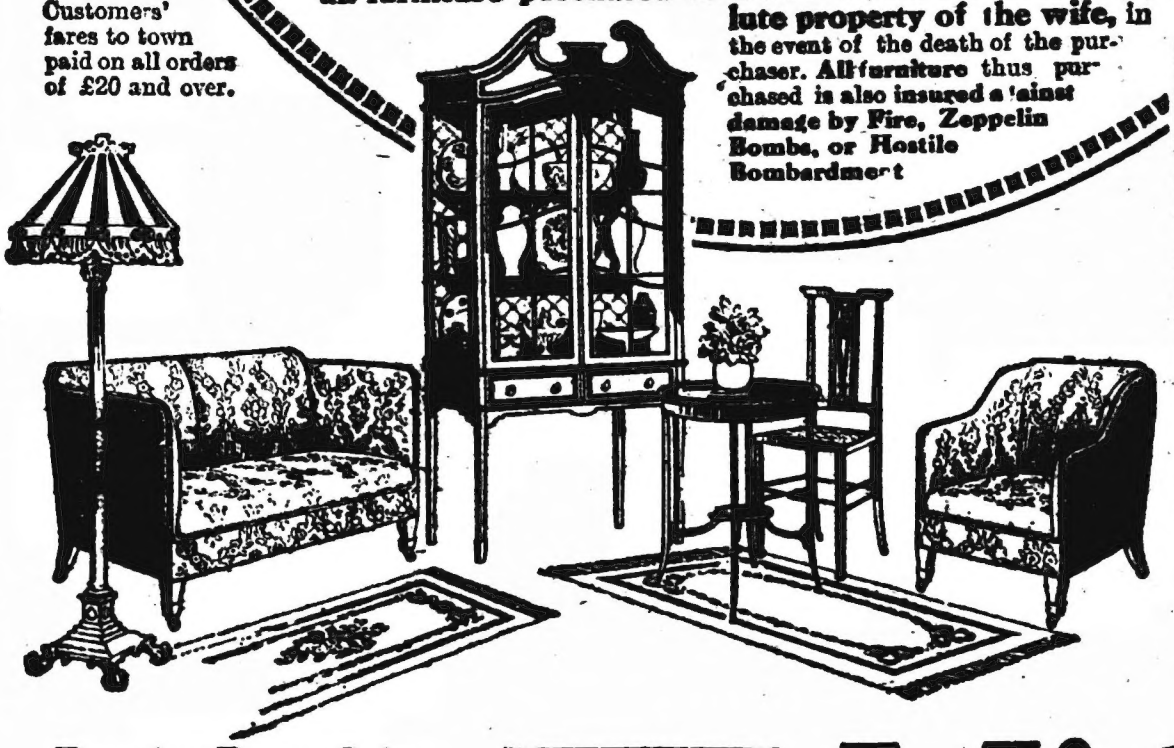

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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

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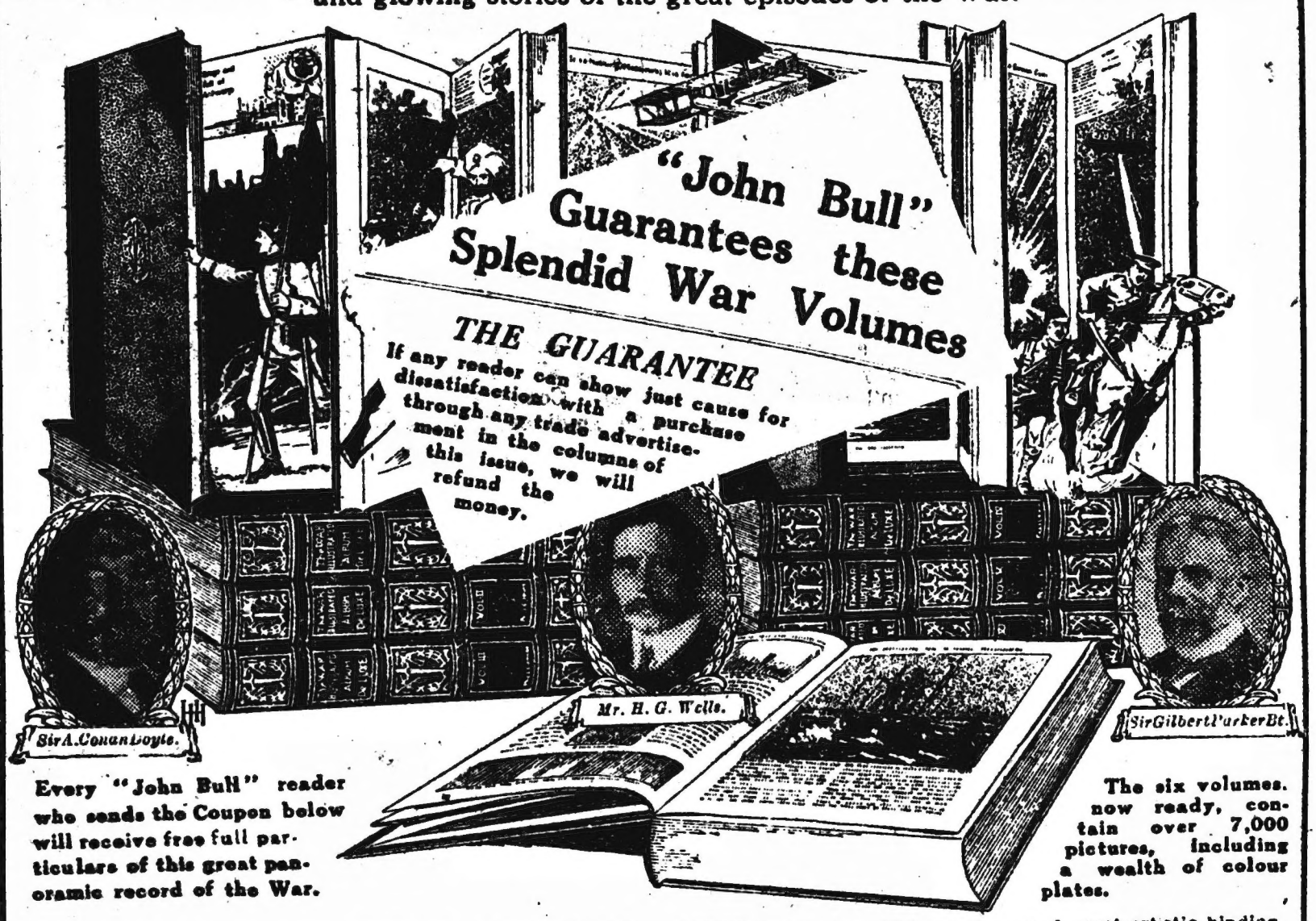
"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."

Over 7,000 pictures in the six volumes now ready—including a profusion of beautiful colour plates—exclusive photographs from the fighting lines—maps and diagrams—a concise and thrilling history of the progress of hostilities—and glowing stories of the great episodes of the War.

"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."


"John Bull" Guarantees these Splendid War Volumes
THE GUARANTEE
If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.
Sir A. Conan Doyle.
Mr. H. G. Wells.
Sir Gilbert Parker Bt.

Every "John Bull" reader who sends the Coupon below will receive free full particulars of this great panoramic record of the War.

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 25.

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Use It Twice a day

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The Secret

You can save money on your housekeeping and secure War Saving Certificates while at the same time adding to the enjoyment and nourishment of your meals. The secret is in Kewpie's keeping and he imparts it freely to everyone who uses Freemans twopenny soups—Turtle, Tomato, or any other of the eight varieties—in fact, any of Freemans Table Delicacies.

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are given away every week until the end of April, 1917. This distribution is being made by the Watford Company, whose big Factory employs upwards of 1,000 happy workpeople under ideal conditions of health and cleanliness. This factory makes

Freemans Tomato Soup

The Famous Freeman Food Delicacies, and Vi-Cocoa—the beverage which is easy to digest and full of strength and stamina.

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READY SOUPS
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Carry it in your left breast tunic pocket.

"That stopped it anyhow."

It was just a small piece of shrapnel from a "whiz bang," but the consequences might have been serious if it hadn't been for his pocket case. It wasn't an ordinary leather wallet though. It was steel lined, and had been sent to him from home.

He carries it about with him everywhere, and feels that at any rate he is minimising the risk of heart wounds.

The Steel Lined Wallet

is an excellent protection against glancing bullets, stray pieces of shrapnel and bayonet thrusts. It has saved many lives, and is as good a safeguard over the heart as is the "Shrapnel Helmet" over the head.

Apart from the protection afforded, the wallet is a very useful present. It will hold many letters, and contains a supply of stationery. The steel lining is electro plated, and can be used as a mirror. The wallet is made in several finishes, and is designed to give long service.

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Send your order and P.O. to-day, to
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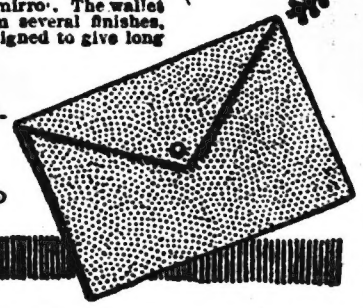

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 25.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 560. Week ending Saturday, February 24th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Haig v. Asquith.

"We have no desire to annihilate Germany," said Mr. Asquith the other day. "For the tranquility of the world, Germany must for ever be broken up," says Sir Douglas Haig. You begin to see now—don't you?—how the old gang were backing up the Army and Navy!

The Business Man.

In a recent speech, Mr. Lloyd George, with quite unconscious naïveté, pleaded that the Business men should be given a fair trial. Who organised and secured the success of the War Loan—Business men or Politicians?

The German "Push."

Take no notice of this. It was just one of the Kaiser's kicks in his death agony.

The Explosion.

When are we to receive an official—and *truthful*—statement of the real extent of the loss of life in connection with this calamity? Surely the present Government does not intend to emulate the policy of its predecessors, by keeping the public in the dark?

Our Statue.

"I believe," writes one of our readers—a well-known public man—who tells us that in the past he has denounced us "on many occasions on public platforms in the country"—"I believe," says he, "that alongside the statue of Oliver Cromwell in Palace Yard we may yet see erected one of Horatio Bottomley, as much an emancipator as was the Great Protector; the one from the German idea of Kingly rule, and the other from the even worse curse of rule by piffling politicians, platitudinarians and Stigginses." What price "that bauble" now?

Premium Bonds—

Or, as we prefer to call them, Bonus Bonds. Did you read our letter in the *Daily Mail?* Well, they are coming.

Party Funds.

How much have these funds subscribed to the War Loan? Surely the disbanded Liberal Party can spare £500,000 out of its £850,000?

Let Us Know.

We would strongly urge Sir Edward Carson to take the nation more into his confidence in regard to the extent to which we *are* mastering the submarine menace. Does he really think Germany doesn't know about it? Let us have a weekly statement of the "bag."

Woman's Charm.

We were recently asked by *Pearson's Weekly* to say "what men most admire in women"—and we replied, "Their faults." Do you agree?

A Wise Child.

From the *Northampton Echo:* "The son of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Editor of JOHN BULL, is among the officers billeted in Northampton." "It's a wise child that knows its own father!"

"An Unknown British Soldier."

Several officers and chaplains have written us in reference to our recent paragraph, giving various explanations—mostly too sad in their character for publication—of the absence of Identification Discs on the bodies of so many of our fallen heroes. Heroes, indeed, they are!

The Angelus.

We hear that the Angelus Bell is rung daily in the Wiltshire village of Heytesbury, and that all the villagers silently pray for our soldiers and sailors. Other villages, please copy.

Cold Paris.

Paris is almost without heat and light. And yet we have it on good authority that the other day 18,000 tons of coal arrived at Havre, but on the ground that the papers "were not in order" the boats were sent on to Cherbourg—and torpedoed on the way! It is all very terrible.

Another Milestone Passed.

Last week, for the first time, our circulation passed the million-and-a-half mark. "Now for the two million," says the insatiable Manager!

A Word with Sir Alfred.

We are sure that Sir Alfred Mond desires to help the new Government, of which he is a member, to win the war. May we, therefore, suggest that he should run down to his firm's Northwich Works—with a big comb in his hand?

"I Suppose So"!

Asked by Sir Henry Dalziel the other day whether a certain German Club in London had been allowed to remain open, "ever since the war began," the new Home Secretary replied, "I suppose so." And, after that, his smug predecessor, Mr. Herbert Samuel, had the cheek to get up and protest against the fallacy of the "hidden hand"! May we suggest that the hidden *face* would be his best policy?

Zeppelin Season soon. Sign Free Insurance Coupon, page iii. of Cover.

Some Philanthropist.

According to the newspapers, the late Mr. John Holmes, of Bradford, has "left £1,000 to H.M. Government for the repayment of the National Debt." As the poet has it, "Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

War Loan Waiting Room.

". . . One of our principals called at the Post Office to put some money in War Loan, and was kept waiting for five minutes while two men of military age behind the counter discussed a holiday or some similar topic. Our principal then left the office, as he was engaged on important war work." Let us hope he did not visit the sins of the clerks upon the nation and put his money in a stocking. The way to deal with officials of this brand is to address them in affectionate tones across the counter and make no bones about it.

The Small Pensioners.

One of the fine fellows, crocks now, invalided out on 4s. 8d. a week after 12 years with the Colours, puts in a plea for a central factory where he, and such as he, can do some work to provide a fair living wage. "Sir," he says, "draw us together, and you'll find we don't want free homes or anything else that savours of charity, but a fair chance to earn a living." It is not much to ask, is it? —just the right—and the means—to live. Surely they have earned that, if no more! "Draw us together" we like; it suggests the nucleus of a suitable scheme.

Stupid Combing.

There is a certain first-class hotel at Edinburgh that has been most severely combed out. Granted that this was necessary, we have no quarrel with the doing thereof, but there is one comic factor in the situation which deserves to be related. Among the men taken was a porter. When we heard last, he was back at the hotel, but not looking after the visitors' luggage in the old, useful style. No, he was there as a "guest," being no less than personal servant to an officer resident at that hotel. Is that not absurd? To take a man from his work, and put him back on the same spot in a state of *dolce far niente!*

Work for Women.

Women being wanted for shell-filling, there was one who went to the nearest Labour Exchange, 14 miles away, despite the 50 per cent. increased railway fare. She is experienced, having been five years in a fuse factory, and has many other recommendations. But they told her they could not send her to a certain factory unless she was a single woman or widow. They actually offered to register her as a widow, because she is so plainly fitted for the work, but she refused to lie, being a proud wife. Instead of wasting the time of good women, why not announce all the aggravating "restrictions" when asking them to volunteer?

Tosh?

Some of those letters "written by German prisoners" incline us to cough in dubiety. One, printed in the *Times*, is a lot to swallow. Among other "expressions of misery," Fritz writes to his sweetheart:—"The German Government deceives the people in a very shameful way. . . . One can hardly help being ashamed of being a German. . . . The gang has caused us to be killed for fun. . . . It is very different from the English. . . . We are short of ammunition. . . . Germany is losing. . . . The young officers . . . those swine live on the fat of the land." If a German soldier thought all that, would he dare to write it? It would never pass his Army Censor. Nor would he!

Woman Power.

"Every woman who can replace a man, no matter where or how, is a ming a blow at the heart of Germany." This is the fact we insist upon in our article, "Should Women Be Conscripted?" which appears in the March *Royal*. Women have done much; they are willing and eager to do more, and as the best and speediest means of winning through to victory I am a whole-hearted advocate of mobilising our woman power.

The Elevenpenny Loaf.

Explanation is still awaited from the Director of the Diet why the Incorporated Society of Wholesale and Retail Bakers have been allowed to put up the price of the loaf to 11d. at a hole-and-corner meeting. Apparently, the Runciman theory still obtains in the department that high prices are by no means an unmixed evil; which, being interpreted, means that it is really a sort of blessing. Undeniably, high prices tend to decrease consumption, but only among people who cannot afford to pay them.

Hoarding.

Some of the big shops are denying that hoarding of foods is taking place to any appreciable extent. Without question, well-to-do selfish people are piling up home stocks much as they did in the early days of the war. The other Sunday, we are told, the staff of the Army and Navy Stores grocery department were detained all day to deal with the press of unexecuted orders. These unconscionable food grabbers don't care a farthing who else has none so that they have plenty. With them, it is everybody for himself and the Kaiser take the hindmost.

A Bad Spell.

A student, qualifying for the teaching profession, made a sorry show of himself at Carmarthen, where he claimed exemption so that he might pursue his studies. "Spell 'pursue,'" he was told. "P-e-r-s-u-e," was the budding schoolmaster's best effort. They told him he was wrong, whereat he was much surprised. He had spelt the word that way in his written application, and had also spelt "profession" wrongly. Yet he got off—"to *persue* his studies," and beyond a doubt he needs them. But it is not a bright look-out for the boys of Carmarthen when they are liable to come under teachers who spell words their own way.

Luxuries for Huns.

As it has been suddenly and officially discovered that the dietary of German prisoners exceeds that recommended to us for voluntary rationing, possibly they will be less pampered in the future. To aid this, a restraining hand should be laid upon the Prisoners of War Help Committee, to which Lord Haldane and others subscribed. These people sent 300 lbs. of sugar to one camp, and 250 lbs. to another address. Also went, 5 gross tins of jam, 5 gross tins baked beans, 1 : ½ lbs. sugar, and 5 gross tins edible fat. Such prodigal presentations must cease, and the Huns be put on a diet similar to that doled out to Britons in Germany.

Re-union and Disunion.

It was hardly to be anticipated that the invitation to Dean Hensley Henson to preach in the pulpit of the City Temple would pass without a shriek of horror from the clerical bigots who preach Disunion at any price. Thus the North-East district of the Yorkshire English Church Union have passed, with one solitary exception, a resolution that Dean Henson's action will be "a flagrant violation of Church order and discipline." And this, forsooth, is put forward as the spirit of Christianity moving in the elect of God!

Practically a gift—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 20.

Dog Wanted.

A reader living in London has a friend fighting in Belgium, fighting almost incessantly since the first day of the war. The soldier has asked his friend to provide him with a dog, for patrol and listening-post duty, and our reader, passing the request along to us, suggests either a good sheep-dog or bull-dog. Any reader with the right kind of dog to spare for a fighting man (we believe Airedale terriers are most frequently employed for the purposes indicated) might be good enough to communicate with us.

Sheffield for Ever!

Mr. J. J. McQuillan, of Capel Street, Dublin, advertises on an entertainment programme that he deals in tools and cutlery. His opening statement is incorrect, for he says: "German Razors!" (in large letters, that) "are acknowledged to be the finest in the world." Even if it were true, we should object to such public belauding of articles that should be taboo; but it is not true, for nobody "acknowledges" anything of the kind. The finest razors in the world come from Sheffield, and one Sheffield razor would outlast forty samples of the German muck. Mr. McQuillan, of Dublin, may thank us for the information.

Starved to Death.

Within six weeks or so, five old people have died through virtual starvation in the district of one London Coroner alone. The last case before us is that of a Haggerston Road bootmaker, named Cook, aged 69. "The only source of income for deceased and his wife was his Old Age Pension of 5s. a week, and 7s. 6d. representing his small earnings for three weeks." When his wife was taken ill and removed to the infirmary he was destitute, "and the doctor who visited him found him emaciated and lying on a pile of rags, and suffering from pneumonia . . . Poverty, with disease, led to death." Who is responsible for this damnable slaughter? What are the Poor Law Guardians and the Relieving Officers for?

A Mountain of Coal.

While several hundreds of poor people in the neighbourhood of Shepherd's Bush were clamouring in vain for coal in the recent bitter weather, there was a little lone mountain of 3,000 tons heaped up at the wharf. It has been there for two years or more, for what purpose nobody knows. At high price or low price, in scarcity or in plenty, nobody has ever been seen to reduce that coal mountain by so much as a thimbleful. It was bought by the Government; it was dumped down there by the Government; it seems to have been forgotten by the Government—and, for all we know to the contrary, the Government intend to leave it there for the next hundred years as a souvenir of the age and an ornament to the neighbourhood.

The Eclipse of Ramsay.

Even the Labour Party has had enough of the Herr Ramsay Macdonald, the pro-Germhun peace merchant. His light is dead out. Mr. Wardle, the leader of the Party in the House of Commons, made that clear in the debate on the Report of the Vote of Credit. He and his gang go to and fro in the land preaching "peace by negotiation," as if it were a beautiful and glorious thing to negotiate with the Devil. It makes us almost vomit to think of a member of the British Parliament, drawing £400 a year, linking himself up with people who, however few, pretend to believe, and wish to bring the nation to believe, that Christ wants a Germhun peace. Together with other Parliamentary peacemongers of his gang, the Member from Leicester dare not submit himself to his constituents. He knows that he is no longer Member *for* the town.

Education—and Condescension.

After a prolonged and animated debate, a body of persons of enfeebled intellect, legally constituted as the Willesden Education Authority, have decided that, in case of invasion, one of their teachers who is an officer in the Volunteers shall be granted leave of absence. What a pity the poor things did not realise that, even if they didn't give him leave, he is under solemn contract to take it. They would have saved themselves a lot of breath, and would not have made themselves look half as silly.

Two Professions.

You may remember the famous advertisement:—"The Boy: What will he Become?" Parents, if wise, will not train their sons for the Educational profession, when window-cleaning is a better paid job. Two advertisements prove the point. One asks for "Window Cleaners. Male, Female. Piecework. Experienced men up to £3 a week. Learners paid while learning." The other is for a Schoolmaster, "graduate if possible. Good history and geography, elementary mathematics and sound English. Salary £130, non-resident." The master was not "paid while learning"—on the contrary, his education was expensive. But he has about £20 a year the worse of it on the salary stakes.

Policewomen.

The Ministry of Munitions has asked for 300 policewomen immediately, and notices in many papers requested applicants to go to St. Stephen's House, Westminister, headquarters of the Women Police Service. On arrival, there was bitter disappointment, £10 (some say £12), being demanded for uniform. The statement was made that recruits must pay their own travelling expenses, wherever sent, and maintain themselves on £1 weekly during training. Further, there were "no vacancies" in London, and "domestic servants" were barred. These regrettable stipulations have resulted in loss of time and money to many willing women. If they were not wanted, they should not have been asked for; if they are wanted, the scheme is sadly mismanaged.

The Working-Man's Diet.

The "Medical Correspondent" of the *Daily Mail* must be an amazing personage. His daily dietary for "a worker" under the new scheme suggests three meals. But, listen to their component parts:—Breakfast: Porridge, bread, bacon, butter, jam or marmalade, sugar, milk. Luncheon: Omelette of two eggs, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, coffee with sugar. Dinner: Soup, meat, potatoes, tomatoes, rice pudding, cheese, bread, nuts, coffee with sugar." That little lot is estimated to produce enough "calories," but "a person doing very hard work would require perhaps as much as one-fourth more." Just ask mother to provide that little lot every day for father. The Medical Correspondent says there is "no difficulty" about it!

War Work at Home.

Many women would be willing to do light war work at home if the Government would encourage them; we mean women who are tied indoors by their young children. Until recently, women at Harrow were allowed to sew at home "the caps in explosive cases." Women doing this work have now been ordered into the factory, and many are unable to go. "Six of us are willing to fetch and take back at our own expense 100 a day, making 3,600 each week, as we know the work," a South Harrow woman informs us, "but they won't let us have it at home." Judging by the sample—a round piece of linen, the size of a penny, to be sewn on to another piece—the work can be done just as well at home as in a factory. It seems to us as easy and harmless as sewing buttons on little Willie's knickers.

£250 awaits you. See page 28.

News from the Vatican.

One of the Italian newspapers has it that the Pope is preparing an announcement, for the eve of Lent, stating "the view of the Holy See regarding the new developments in the aspects of the war." His Holiness has been so careful not to hurt anybody's feelings since the outbreak of hostilities that his opinions on the Kaiser's Satanic submarinities will be awaited everywhere with interest.

A Cruel Shame.

In the multitude of Government offices during the frost everybody from the "heads" to the office boys and the cats were toasting their anatomies at blazing fires. Observe another picture. "Is it right," we are asked, "for the Government to allow women to work from 7.45 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. in such terribly cold weather, without a bit of fire—and working for the Government, too, in the Clothing Factory in Vastern Road, Reading, repairing the clothes for our soldiers? It was a cruel shame to see some of the poor women, close on 50 years of age, coming in and sitting down all day, half frozen." A cruel shame, undoubtedly.

Police Troubles.

We note that Scotland Yard recently raided a secret meeting of a Police Union in the Westminster district: Over 30 constables were present, some of whom have already been dismissed from the force—whilst the rest will probably suffer heavily by substantial reductions in pay. Well, they were acting against orders—let that be granted. But it is pure fact that many police officers consider they have certain grievances which they are unable to ventilate. To stop the discussion of troubles is only to invite more trouble. The way out is clear enough if the Commissioner would lend an ear now and again to the men, or to some representatives chosen by themselves. It strikes us as a mistaken policy to shut oneself up and say, "I will not hear anything."

Still Germhunising.

It is taking a long time to exhaust the stocks interned in this country before the war. "I purchased three soup packets the other day at a local stores," a resident of Seven Kings writes to us, "and on arriving home found that one of them was the invention of Herr C. H. Knorr, of Wurttemberg. It is very difficult to believe that a commodity can be old stock after two-and-a-half years' war against Kaiser, Knorr and Co." In case the purchaser has not already consumed the stuff, he is hereby advised not to do so. These soup squares were extensively advertised in France just before the war. Later, it was discovered that the wording of the signs conveyed most important information to the enemy.

Seaside Billeting.

One of the hard-hit little townships by the ocean is Leigh-on-Sea. Ordinary work is at a standstill, but rent and rates go on like the Brook. So the good mothers of Leigh wonder why the War Office cannot billet a few soldiers on them. "There are plenty here," they tell us, "who would give them a good home. We would take them and feed them for 16s. a week. It would help us to pay our way, and would cheer the town up." The price does not seem exorbitant, and the boys would be sure of good, motherly treatment. Is that not better than herding them in bare, cold, damp, unfurnished houses?

"Waste Not, Want Not"

Surely it is hard, when a man desired to restrict his diet, that a caterer should feed him full. That experience was intended to be thrust on a customer at a certain restaurant in Piccadilly. He asked to be served with a small portion of meat. The attendant Hebe informed him they served only a portion of one fixed size, and, though he offered to pay full price for half the quantity, he was not allowed to. About ten ounces was the weight on his plate, and he learned that, should he leave any, it would be thrown away. This being silly as well as wasteful, we wonder if Lord Devonport—or Mr. Isidore Salmon—would care for the name of the restaurant.

Sweating in the Country.

A very bad case of sweating comes from Wrawby, near Brigg, Lincolnshire. An old fellow, 61, with a wife and child, asked the Guardians for parish relief in the shape of food. He was ill. And we do not wonder at it, for he had been trying to support existence on 13s. 6d. a week for that family of three, paid him for tending stock by a local cattle-owner. The poor veteran of industry was not even insured. When illness overtook him, he had nothing to look to but the parish—for he was useless to that employer of his when he could work no longer. And this is a Christian country. Oh, yes.

The Gas Get-Out.

A young fellow of 23 has been appointed Manager to the Holmfirth (Yorks) Gas Company. Till recently we believe he was "on munitions"—indispensable, of course, until dispensed with for a safer job. There were 50 applicants for the managership, and we are quite at a loss to understand how a public company came to pick out a young man fit for active service. By the way, his father is Chairman of the Formby Urban District Council, and is a member of the Military Appeals Tribunal; also, he has urged enlistment publicly. Of course, the boy does know something of gas, for his father is a Gas Manager, while his uncle has vacated the post he gets—unless wiser counsels prevail.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

GARRISON INSTITUTE AND THEATRE, OSWESTRY (leaflet):—
"Two Grand Entertainments, Under the Direction of Julian Clifford . . . when will be presented an entirely new and UNNECESSARY Sunday Revue-Entertainment."

"NORTH WILTS HERALD" (*For Sale* advertisement):—
"Strong Van Horse; keep healthy and LAY ABUNDANCE OF EGGS."

"SHEERNESS GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—
"Lost, a Gold Ring. ANYONE ANSWERING TO THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SAME can have it by applying to ——."

"TODMORDEN AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER":—
"One of the greatest obstacles, apparently, in the way of those who, being able, have not yet invested in the 5 per cent. War Loan, is the fear they have that their money will be 'tied up' UNTIL 1829, OR PERHAPS 1847."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"Man WASTED as shop porter, wages 30s. weekly, permanent."

"DAILY EXPRESS" (Casualty List):—
"Correction: Missing—MacLennan, J. E., Scot. Rif. attd. R.F.C., SHOULD READ MacLennan, J. E., Scot. Rif., attd. R.F.C."

"PENNY PICTORIAL":—
"The man CLAPPED HIS EYES TO HIS FACE and dropped the shovel."

"CANTERBURY TIMES" (New Zealand):—
"He was at Harvard himself, on a legacy his grandfather left him. But he met his MOTHER, who was A LITTLE OLDER THAN HE (she was TWENTY-TWO and he TWENTY)."

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL":—
"Mr. Theodore Taylor was the first legislator to arrive AT 7.25, and he was followed TEN MINUTES LATER by Sir C. Kinloch Cooke AT 8 O'CLOCK."

"EVENING TELEGRAPH" (Northampton):—
"ONE-AND-THREE-QUARTERS of Peterborough's new cemetery is to be devoted to the production of foodstuffs."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR MR. BONAR LAW,—Congratulations on the success of your first War Loan. How pleased Mr. McKenna will be! And the banker wanted the interest to be *six* per cent. Oh, those bankers!

JOHN BULL.

To Neville Chamberlain, Esq., Director of National Service.

DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,—It is too early yet to predict complete success for your National Service scheme, but I do wish you would insist upon compulsory powers. It is, however, a matter of peculiar satisfaction to me that this great task should have been entrusted, not to a politician or to any member of the official caste, but to a plain Business man all unacquainted with the modes and methods of Whitehall. Most heartily I trust that this small instalment of "Business Government" may be abundantly justified.

JOHN BULL.

To Major Leonard Darwin.

DEAR MAJOR,—I see that, as President of the Eugenics Education Society, you recently opened a discussion upon "The Disabled Sailor and Soldier, and the Future of our Race," a very important and profitable subject. We certainly are anxious that in the future only the best of British blood shall flow through the veins of British children, and we are looking forward to the time when their names also shall be as British as their blood. I notice that the Council of your Society includes Dr. A. Ploetz, Mr. Robert Mond, Mrs. Gotto, Professor Schuster, and Mr. F. Schiller, while one of your Hon. Secretaries is Capt. Schuster, and your Hon. Treasurer Mr. Fleischl; no doubt all Britishers to the backbone, but I wish your names were British, too! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. Glynn Evans, R.A.M.C., Somewhereabouts.

REV. SIR,—I dunno where you are myself, and I shall leave it to the P.M.G. to find you. Some of the boys have sent me newspaper extracts from an article you are said to have written in an evangelical weekly on "Religion at the Front," the object of which appears to be to prove that religion at the Front is a long way at the back. "Here, away from home," you say, "young men slide down the moral incline, and young men of good social standing and refined up-bringing take to bad ways. Those who expect to find multitudes of chastened spirits eager for church, Sunday-school, and prayer meeting will be sorely disappointed." This is a very familiar slogan to me, sir; it has been the stock sermon of a hundred pulpits. Home once more, the boys I imagine find little in common with the professional pulpiteers who have thus vilified them. It is unjust; it is out of perspective. The British soldier is the average man, not a plaster-cast saint or a design for a stained glass window. JOHN BULL.

To R. A. Griffith, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Aberdare.

DEAR MR. STIPENDIARY,—Your remarks in the Rhigos coursing case were not a whit too strong. Until one has evidence of such things, as I have had from time to time, it seems incredible that men could be such callous, heartless brutes as those Welsh colliers—Richard Samuel of Aberaman and Alfred Thomas Hoare of Cwmaman—evidently are. "Defendants had two dogs, and one of them took a rabbit to be coursed from underneath his coat and held it in front of the dogs and then dropped it. The rabbit was so terrified that it could not move. Hoare clapped his hands, but failed to move the rabbit, which was then pounced upon by the two dogs. Hoare tried to get the rabbit away, and in the attempt it was mutilated. I wonder what would be the feeling of these two fellows if they were dangled helpless before a hungry lion waiting to devour them, or before the muzzle-end of a field gun, with the gunners grinning at them from the other end as they fed-in the shell which was to blow them to eternity? Brutes like these never imagine in themselves the agony which their cruelty inflicts upon helpless animals. I find myself wishing for a law *similia similibus curantur*. Whether or not it would really cure I do not know; I am confident £10 fines will not. JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, London "Safety First" Council.

DEAR SIR,—I see your Council has "approved" a suggestion that pedestrians should be instructed to keep to the left instead of the right. A brilliant idea indeed, considering our darkened streets. What would happen when those who obeyed the "instruction" met those who didn't? Do be practical. Remember your motto, "Safety First!"

JOHN BULL.

To Alec L. Black, Esq., J.P., Grimsby.

DEAR MR. BLACK,—What a fine example you have set other wealthy men, in advancing the Government £50,000 free of interest, for the duration of the war! No "patriotism on a cash basis about you." Bravo, Grimsby!

JOHN BULL.

To Cadwaladr Roberts, Esq., Guardian of the Poor, Festiniog, Wales.

DEAR SIR,—Has it ever struck you what a very mean, paltry, useless, ridiculous little thing a Guardian may look for £30 worth of war economy in a workhouse? Come to think of it, I don't suppose it has, yet it is the fact that in "protesting against the spending of £32 per annum on tobacco for the inmates and moving that the House Committee inquire into the matter and report thereon" you look precisely like that, and I'll wager you've got religion and morals strong all the time. That is as obvious as old Cheddar. In making your remark to Mr. Richard Williams, a fellow Guardian who opposed the motion, that "there is no reason in spending £32 a year on what is no good for body and soul," you are so strong in religions and morals that I can smell 'em right here. What a reek there will be when you and the House Committee meet together to consider the resolution and report thereon. Phew! It will be all over Festiniog. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Shearman, Assize Court, Manchester.

DEAR M'LUD,—I am instructed by the Rev. Mr. Chadband and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, Joint Secretaries of the Solitary Society of Social Salvation, to draw the attention of your Lordship to the report of your summing-up in a fatal fighting case. Your Lordship, while remarking that fighting with fists to a finish is an illegal act, is stated to have expressed the opinion that if people choose to risk their money to put up a fight between men with their fists in boxing gloves they are at liberty to do so, and to have added, "I should be pleased to see 500 people looking on, if properly padded gloves were worn and no serious injury could be inflicted." Messrs. Chadband and Stiggins assume from this statement that your Lordship would be there, and they desire me to express their consternation that a British Judge should not only enter an inn, but should countenance by his presence and patronage in the precincts so appalling an exhibition of irreligious pugnacity. They therefore request me to enclose you a season ticket for the Love Feasts of the Society, which your Lordship is cordially invited to attend. Tea on the tables at six, and please bring your own bun with you. A penitent form will be in the corner, and Messrs. Chadband and Stiggins hope to receive your Lordship there in the course of the evening. JOHN BULL.

To Lieut. W. Ogden Taylor, Manager, Lynn Docks.

SIR,—Don't you think it somewhat hard that, at a time when everyone is trying to increase the food supply, and we are all told to save meat by eating more fish, you should have prosecuted two fishermen because they were angling in the docks? As one of them said, he was "trying to earn a shilling" after walking about for eight or nine weeks. "If you are going to starve the poor, what is going to happen to those at the front who are fighting for us?" he asked. I do not wonder at the query. The Magistrates, failing to rise to the national necessities, fined each of the men a shilling and threatened a worse punishment if they offended again. Yet at the same time the Mayor requested you to use your best endeavours to induce the Dock Board to permit fishing. What humbug—what nonsense! Farmers are allowed to shoot pheasants—awful crime!—but a poor fellow is fined for complying with the desire of the Government that fishermen should exert themselves to provide food for the people! JOHN BULL.

BEWARE THE LOCUST SWARM!

A WARNING AGAINST THE GROWING MENACE OF OFFICIALISM.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

THIS war, as we are told everyday, is a fight for liberty. That is true. But war justifies many things and often excuses what it fails to justify. "National necessity" is a big compelling phrase before which every patriot bows his head—it is the pass-word to friend. Let us be certain it is not mumbled by those foes of our liberty, who are ready to trick us. For what do we see going on around us—not only in the metropolis, but all over the country? We see a great locust swarm of officials, a huge army of bureaucrats, settling down upon the land, and if we are not careful they will enslave us—in other words, they will so fasten upon us the rules and regulations of officialdom that even when the joy-bells herald victory over the would-be enslavers of civilisation we shall only then be at the beginning of another struggle—a fight against the hungry hordes of officials who to-day are having the time of their lives. They multiply every hour; they are incubated by the Defence of the Realm Act and reared on Orders in Council. To-day Departments are despots; that ugly-faced creature, the Permanent Official, has his foot on our necks. We pretend we like it; at any rate, we grin and bear it. For we know that we must be ruled and regulated in time of war; we understand that now more than ever is it true that no man can be a law unto himself. We are ready to be disciplined that we may win; but, I repeat, we must keep a sharp eye on the drill sergeants of departmentalism—they will want to order our lives, to regulate our goings-out and comings in when the necessity is past, and full, energising, refreshing liberty is once more ours to claim as the right of every man who salutes the Union Jack.

How It Happens.

There is a present danger within which lurks great future trouble, in the passion for commandeering immense buildings and for covering great spaces with bricks and mortar. It almost looks as if every Government official—and official is a Whitehall word which includes clerks and office boys—was bent upon being separately housed. This is the kind of thing that happens: One frosty morning a departmental head—a gentleman who sits in a large room in a lofty building in Parliament Street and initials blue papers—comes to the conclusion that something or other is growing beyond his capacity to control. It is part of his business, but the war has led to unexpected developments. So there must be a new Department. His eyes glisten at the prospect, for a new Department to the official mind does not mean what it means to the business mind, a room or two set apart for the purpose. No, it means something finer, more spectacular—it means a new building, and as Government Departments to-day can laugh at locksmiths, there is an immediate descent on some magnificent hotel or some palatial club, and, without "by your leave," or "if you please," the unfortunate occupants are bundled neck and crop out from their home—for an hotel is a home, and to many a man who has done well by his country and has reached the retired age a club is also in very truth a home, too. "Government orders," "Board of Works instructions"—official drill sergeant barks out the magic phrases and everyone must bend the knee and the neck. If this orgy of acquisition, this glutton stomach for taking old and erecting new buildings was a proved national necessity, no one would utter a word of protest. But is it? Departments are growing like mushrooms, and officials swarm like flies on a muckheap. If the mania continues at its present rate and the war lasts a few months longer, we shall be divided into governors and governed in equal parts, and in self-preservation those who are outside the charmed circle of officialdom will be forced to spend their time in trying to get inside. This passion for new Departments and buildings in which to house them must be checked, and it is only public opinion that can check it. The unhealthy seed of a rampant bureaucracy was sown by the muddled minds of Downing Street in the early months of the war. The politician was able in peace time to hide his incompetence. But war, which means business—grim, terrible, organised business—found him out for the Incompetent he was. In his ignorance and his impotence he was thrown back on the departmental official. That gentleman, whose idea of business begins and ends with the multiplication of detail, of clerks, and of rooms in which the clerks may sit in solitary importance, has taken full advantage of his opportunity. To-day we are an official-ridden nation; and officialdom, if its rank growth is allowed to continue, will be the most sinister home product of the war. We are all looking forward to the time when peace is declared and London will be the great centre of joyous activities. But at the present rate of commandeering, the Metropolis will be robbed of all means of accommodating visitors, and not an hotel will remain for the reception of our friends from the allied countries, from our Dominions, and from America, who will be anxious to share in the celebrations at the heart of the Empire.

Officialdom Run Mad.

There is no necessity for what is going on—it is officialdom run mad. Why, I went into an hotel the other day—one of the many which have been turned into Government offices—and what do you think I found? The banqueting-hall, which would have provided accommodation for two or three hundred clerks without any restrictions of that cubic space which is necessary to health, was occupied by one person. And that person was the Department Messenger! Yet when in connection with most important Government work a Member of Parliament, at the urgent request of a Cabinet Minister, found it necessary to instal himself in this particular hotel, he was relegated to a 4s. 6d. bedroom, ill warmed, and very badly lighted. You see, he wasn't a real departmental official. If he had been he would have commandeered, if not another hotel, a sumptuous apartment, and with telephones galore, and a score of attendants, would have set about spending the nation's money without the smallest concern for that patient ass the taxpayer. But as he was just a Business man, out to do a business job for the new Government, he went quietly upon his way, organising without fuss, producing results without worry or flurry, until one day it dawned upon the official mind that even without the aid of a single departmental type-writer or a single yard of pestilential red tape, results had been achieved which made Downing Street wonder and Whitehall gasp. It is time the new Government put an end to this orgy of waste of bricks and mortar. And the nation must see to it, when the day comes, that officialdom is once more relegated to its proper station as the servant of the State, and dethroned from the dangerous position in which the war has almost of necessity placed it.

THE "RATION—AL" VIEW.

TOMMY: "What? Rationing the nation! What do you think of it, Dad?"
JOHN: "I think, if rationing is good enough for you, my lad, it's good enough for all of us."

OUR SHAMEFUL WASTE.

HOW OUR WEALTH WAS DISCOVERED—PAY FOR MERIT.

By A. G. Hales.

WE are the richest nation the world has ever seen, and, taken upon the whole, even this colossal war has failed to touch our national pocket to an appreciable extent. We are, after nearly three years of the most costly kind of warfare mankind has dreamt of, the money depôt of the universe—we have felt no pinch at home; our credit abroad is even sounder than it was before the mad German threw down the gage of battle. No one, not even our own financial advisers, knew the extent of our riches in the days of peace—war has revealed our wealth to us and to the world. All this goes to show how vast our resources were and are, and how much more might have easily been done for our own people if the golden stocking had not been kept sown up. War has its uses; it has unlocked many coffers that our public on the whole knew nothing about. Generation after generation wealth was stored up in various forms in these islands, and escaped observation. It emerged into the light of day only when its existence was threatened by a foreign Power—it will not be overlooked in the future. Wealth—vast wealth—was too modest, too shy, in bygone times; it lay low and escaped the duties of nationhood. The ordinary man did not even dream it existed. "Hen-roosts" were robbed to pay taxation, whilst Midas' hoards were unreached. Before this war, with its mammoth figures of expenditure, the politicians were eternally prophesying bankruptcy for the nation; only one man laughed at them—the Editor of this paper. Now we know we can spend six million pounds *per day* on unproductive work like war, and yet keep smiling and have no real dread of Carey Street. It wanted a war like this to shake things up, to tell us how rich we are. Had we only known twenty years sooner, without this war, and had our legislators pulled that hidden money from its hiding places for *the good of the British people*, we might have made such giant strides along the paths of peace and progress that no nation, or combination of nations, would have dared to dream of war with us. If the war were to double itself, and twelve millions a day be demanded, it would be forthcoming—for, when it must, wealth will always defend itself by expenditure. There never was a moment when we stood in jeopardy of losing this war; our money would not let us lose it. Can we wonder that the enemy underrated our reserve of strength in this direction? Money has avoided so many of its duties in the past, that much of its existence was overlooked. We will see to it that it is cured of this painful shyness in the future; it shall not blush unseen or unhandled.

What Might Have Been.

Great Britain has been for centuries one vast banking-house for the world's wealth. Every kind of venture known to the imagination and genius and daring of man has had its head centre here; the tentacles have been everywhere—east, west, north and south. Mines, shipping, plantations, factories—all have sprung up from this centre, and in time have sent home their earnings and dividends to be stored away here. We have founded vast colonies that paid indirect tribute in millions, and have financed empires—at grand rate of interest; and the golden harvest has come here. But the people got so little of the profit that they in time forgot that such profit existed. No one who knew troubled to enlighten them; for had they known, they would long since have clamoured for a share of the spoil in the shape of better wages, shorter hours, more comfortable homes and a much higher grade of existence. They would, in fact, have demanded to be placed on somewhat the same footing as the men and women of their own breed who dwell in the overseas colonies. Money has always been slow in coming to the rescue of the home-staying breed in the bulk; and yet I gravely doubt if there is a land under Heaven where so much waste of money goes on as in Great Britain to-day in war time. Much of this waste existed prior to the war; but that is no reason why it should continue. In the remark I am about to make I shall possibly lay myself open to the charge of setting class against class—a parrot's cry, for I recognise only two classes of humanity: the men and women who possess merit, and those who do not. Other parasites are beyond the pale, as I understand the scheme of things. Merit, and merit alone, should be the touch-stone of success. I do not say it is; I say it should be, and would be if the people were true to themselves. Let us see how this works out in our daily life to-day.

Some Comparative Salaries.

Sir John Jellicoe, our Admiral and First Sea Lord, gets £1,500 per annum, and no more—I do not forget the house!—and upon his shoulders rests our safety as a nation, to a great extent. An ordinary Judge of one of our Courts draws £5,000 per annum, and has a retiring pension of £3,500 for life. Does that make you laugh; or does it make you think? If it makes you think, when are you going to *act*, and wipe out all those Judges' pensions and save that money to the nation? It is a scandal and disgrace, and in the aggregate makes an immense sum which is practically stolen from *your pockets*. The whole legal business badly wants overhauling; we want a clean slate. The nation is being robbed wholesale in this direction. Demand reform—demand it now and see that you get it. Rich as we are, we cannot afford it. Sir F. J. S. Hopwood, Additional Civil Lord, draws £3,000 per annum—more than Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of our great army on the Western front! I haven't a thing against Sir F. Hopwood—I merely quote him as an example of the rottenness of the present system. If he is worth £3,000, Haig is worth £30,000 per annum. As a matter of fact, our British scale of payment of men in public employ is rotten to its foundation, and our system of pensions to parasites is a scandal and a disgrace. There are enough men and women drawing big pensions from the public coffers of this country, which they have not done a thing to earn, to run the business of a small state or nation. It is all obtained by patronage and by some occult influence which will not bear analysis. In plain words, it is the fruit of robbery, jobbery and corruption. Cut it out; it's not helping to win the war! I have never been an advocate of cheap labour, either of brains or brawn; pay big men big money—they're worth it. But don't keep a swarm of drones on big pay. There is not a Government department in this country that is not double-staffed—cut 'em down; and so improve the efficiency and save expense. Get rid of the accursed red-tape and the red-tape merchants; there are thousands to-day drawing big salaries for getting in each other's way—one undoing what the other does and both tangling it up. We can't afford it; it's not business—it's damned tomfoolery, and everyone, from the Premier to the boy in buttons, knows it. It is up to you—the paymasters—to end it, end it now! We've been keeping Cuthbert and Bertie and that ilk in uselessness long enough. Damn Cuthbert! Even the flappers haven't any use for him now. We have made a start with Business Government—let us get on with it.

EVERY LABOURER WORTHY HIS HIRE.

EVEN THE FARM WORKER WILL COME INTO HIS OWN.

Every labourer is worthy of his hire. He does not always get what he is worth, and of all the ill-paid labourers in this Britain of ours the farm worker, the most important of all to such a land, has been paid more miserably than any. But when the war is over, and peace once more smiles o'er the scene, the man at the plough will assuredly come into his own. Mr. Prothero, the Minister of Agriculture, has been telling, or rather hinting to a deputation that an extension of the Trade Board Act to the agricultural industry would be one way of meeting the question of farm wages. Hodge cares not how it is met, so long as he has a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. It is notorious that farmers have not valued their labourers as they should, or paid them as they ought. Let us tell a tale worth the telling in this connection—it is the tale of many a farm hand. "For two years," a woman writes to us from the country, "my husband worked for a farmer until he was called to the Colours last June. He worked from 6 a.m. to 6 or 7 p.m. week-days, and nearly 6 hours on Sunday, for 23s. a week. Out of that we had to pay 4s. a week for rent, and rates amounting to £2 6s. 10d. a year, and my husband, myself, and two children had to be maintained and clothed. I know of other cases equally as bad. My father at the present time is looking after a stock of 70 cows and calves, and he only gets 23s. a week. They talk about meatless days and economising. Ours are all meatless days, and we have no chance to do anything but economise. If a farm labourer asks for more wages he is told that farming does not pay, though the farmers who are keeping at it are making double and treble the prices they were before the war on all their produce." Happily better days are coming. In common with everybody else, the farmer will have to deal as justly with his hired men as the nation is prepared to deal with himself.

A "POTTY" PASTOR.

WELSH MINISTER'S WILD AND WHIRLING PROTEST.

In *The Baptist Visitor* for January (the monthly organ of Gabalfa Baptist Church) Pastor Caradoc Jones publishes a "Pastor's Letter" headed "Sabbath Raker," and goes on to explain what he means by the term:

What do we mean? Just this: There is a *sort* of a man who does not know what to do with himself on Sunday, and as he does nothing for God on that day, he itches to do something for himself, or for his chosen friend—his Satanic Majesty. So we often find him pottering about his back-yard garden, and if his neighbour is not too inquisitive, he in bad boldness developes into a full-fledged Sunday back-yard gardener. Now, he turns his hand to anything, but is very partial to handling the rake, "The man with the muck-rake," as Bunyan long ago styled him.

The above is a fair specimen of the pharisaical pastor's literary style, and of his mean, narrow, and canting views. But he is capable of higher flights of rhetoric, as will be seen:

Now—he snuffles—the Sabbath raker is in glee; he has now his justification for raking on, and breaking, the Sabbath. Why? Councils and governments beg him to produce as much as he can during the war, and the voices of councils and governments are to him as the voice of God. . . . We heard of a committee where one man or more, advocated Sunday work on allotments.. . . . The heathen! A heathen forgets God, "Who giveth the increase," and foolishly thinks that extra labour on Sunday means extra crops. . . . Better allow the body to starve than the soul. Take heed, oh Raker! God breaks the Sabbath-breaker.

We wonder how much starving Pastor Caradoc Jones has ever done. As to his soul, the above nauseous effusion gives us a fairly clear idea of its quality. His mind is obviously of that deplorable type which with smug self-righteousness has the preposterous audacity to pour wholesale condemnation on his fellows, notwithstanding the Scriptural injunction to "Judge not." How any man with the slightest pretentions to intelligence can call Sunday gardening in these lean times "the Devil's work" passes our comprehension.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

When politicians others blame,
They should be careful of their aim—
Not, like McKenna, carp and sneer
At things they did themselves last year.

Well done, *pro* Bonar *publico*!
You've made the Vict'ry War Loan "go";
But still more money might be "riz"—
What price those Dormant Balances?

The Turk Unspeakable, with pain,
Finds that to Kut we've come again!
We bag all who cry "Kamarad!"
And very soon we shall Bagdad!

Lloyd George can't do his best for us
While weighted with that incubus:
Red Tape's the Old Man of the Sea
Whose clinging postpones victory.

Sir Douglas Haig still hammers hard,
In vain the German's gate is barred;
They know that when he strikes with might
Their sole salvation will be—flight!

The truth about Salonika
Is the least known of all the war,
Because the Censors still forbid
The publishing of what is hid.

THE WILSON OF EUSTON SQUARE.

ANOTHER TOUCHING CIRCULAR TO HIS DEVOTED STAFF.

Mr. Thomas Neill has been at it again. He is Chairman of the National Amalgamated Approved Society, Euston Square, and has issued the "Chairman's Circular Letter No. 297." Only a week or two back we quoted a similar document, in which he told his "devoted" staff how they were to receive a certificate for their good work some fine day. Meanwhile, they are waiting for their war bonus. His newest circular did not mention it. But it told them what to do with their modest wages. It was addressed "To the Officers and Members of the Staff who wish to purchase War Loan Stock, and thereby add to their present efforts in helping the nation to win the War." All that rigmarole sounds rather Pecksniffian when it resolves itself into a suggestion that the workers should consent to sums of not less than 2s. weekly, or 10s. monthly, being deducted from their salaries, to buy the stock with. Not for a moment would the staff have objected to buying that Stock, but they failed to see how they could spare even 2s. a week from their small wages, especially when the cost of living has almost doubled. Mr. Neill and his Society could easily have accommodated matters by granting to their "devoted" workers the war bonus they so richly deserve; we wager that every one of them would gladly have consented to its investment in War Loan Stock. Perhaps Mr. Neill, who has Mr. Wilson beaten to a frazzle as a note-writer, will issue Circular Letter No. 298 with the joyful news we have suggested.

WHERE ARE THOSE GUNS?

THE MERCANTILE MARINE STILL ASKS THE QUESTION.

The gallantry of the Mercantile Marine usually goes unrecorded. It is content to blush unseen, but it begins to wonder why its existence should be continually endangered. The ships are being armed far too slowly. A defenceless vessel is taken advantage of by the U-boats, which just fire at it with their guns, never attempting to torpedo it. This is very handy for the Hun if it happens that he has no torpedoes left, but it is hard on the mariner who cannot defend himself or his boat. In one case—off the (Blank)—a merchant ship was sunk by gun-fire, and two of her officers were taken prisoners. Another ship was also shelled, but managed to get away. Neither vessel had a gun aboard, or the story would have been different. As it happened, one of his Majesty's destroyers rolled up and hit the conning tower of that U-boat. She probably sank it—one would hope so, only there were two British officer-prisoners on board of her and that makes the incident a horrible one. The ship our informant was on is one of 7,000 tons, and had no guns at all. He has been trained as a gun-layer and could have made good use of his lessons—had he the opportunity. This being denied him, we have told the sad story that resulted. And the upshot of it is that the Mercantile Marine, being promised guns, would be glad to get them. A move quickly, please!

TACKLING SNOWDEN.

PARSON AND BLUEJACKETS JOIN FORCES AT HULL.

Herr Snowden had a rough house at Hull, at a "peaceful" meeting which was placed out of bounds for soldiers. But about a dozen bluejackets got in, and a dozen bluejackets count heavily. There were other good men and true, including a clergyman, the Rev. E. J. B. Kirtlan, who secured a partial hearing for Snowden on the promise that that person would answer some questions afterwards. Having got his verbiage off his chest, he declined to answer any questions, whereupon the gallant clergyman told him flatly that he had adopted the attitude of a coward. Mr. Kirtlan was also indignant because Snowden had spoken of that "rowdy crew." "These men," he said, "are members of the Navy, and are prepared, if needs be, to die for their country." And, surrounded by the bluejackets, the clergyman left the hall, to face a big crowd in the streets, and to repeat his most admirable protest. Altogether—a great night for the Navy, for Mr. Kirtlan, and a very severe dressing-down for Herr Snowden.

A WORD TO THE L.G.O.C.

THE HARD-WORKED DRIVERS AND A BONUS.

It seems to be quite time that the London General Omnibus Company considered the case of their drivers, mostly men of mature years. During this winter their work has been doubly hard. The young conductors having gone into the Army, the task of taking up and setting down passengers, now performed by conductresses, is not done quite so smartly. There are more stoppages. And the 'buses carry more people, as many as eight being permitted to stand inside. The bitter weather and the greasy state of the streets all add to the hardship of the conditions, making the driving more difficult and requiring the constant exercise of nerve and dexterity. At night the darkened state of the roads has also to be considered, and this results in a continual strain on the men's eyes. The natural consequence is that, when the day's work is done, the drivers are thoroughly "done up"—so dead beat, in fact, that few of them are able to work more than five days a week. This means a considerable reduction of wages, and the pinch of high prices is felt. The men have no war bonus, and want the L.G.O.C. to grant them one. Drivers of L.C.C. trams get their bonus, and their work is not so difficult or so tiring. The grievance is so genuine on the face of it, that we are hoping this plain statement of the case may have the effect desired.

ARMY WASTE AGAIN.

DEFINITE FACTS ABOUT A CAMP ON THE PLAIN.

The Wiltshire War Agricultural Committee have discovered there is some waste at least at one camp on Salisbury Plain. Says an indignant farmer: "The waste of bread was deplorable. People bought the bread by the hundredweight, and there seemed plenty of it, if they saw the right Sergeant" (Laughter.) Why that innocent remark about the Sergeant should have evoked laughter we will not presume to guess. But the farmer, still describing that "positively ghastly waste," averred there were half legs of mutton and half sirloins of beef among the camp refuse. And he thought people were "getting sick of it, while the rationing of working men on four pounds of bread per week was being recommended." We must admit that there was some kind of a reply to the farmer's allegations. An Army officer, a Colonel, "said the military orders were most stringent with regard to waste, even to the smallest piece of bread." That is as it may be. But it cut no ice with the farmer, who retorted, "he had seen a tremendous quantity of such bread in a heap, which a man had just bought for his pigs or fowls. He could have brought a ton to the meeting." As the Chairman "confirmed the justice of that complaint," it is not all imagination. And, if true, it is a sinful thing that an Army camp should waste by the ton that which we are bidden to consume only by the ounce, sparingly.

AN "AMERICAN" GENTLEMAN.

HIS POLITE EXPRESSION OF OPINION ON THE BRITISH.

There is a business scheme carried on in one of the Home Counties mainly for the benefit of cottage workers, whose productions are largely sold in this country and abroad. Among the customers on the books was a lady, resident in the United States, to whom not long ago either an order was despatched or a catalogue forwarded. The reply came from the husband of the lady, and his name is printed at the top of his elegant epistle:—"Max Müller, Architect, 115 and 117, Nassau Street, New York." It runs: "Dear Madame.—I will not permit my wife to deal with a member of a nation of murderers, bandits and thiefs." The last word is bad English, but it may be good American of the special Max Müller brand. Having spluttered so much, the mighty Max suddenly remembered he was writing to a lady, so he curled up a little by adding: "Not knowing you I do not of course intend to reflect on you personally." The letter is interesting, not only as a specimen of bad manners, but as showing the rabid state of mind an "American" citizen named Max Müller can lash himself into when he thinks of us.

National Service

The bread you ate for breakfast

was made of grain or flour probably brought from over-seas *in a ship*. Ships bring the mutton and beef you buy. The grocer's shelves are full of goods that can only come to this country by sea.

Without this food—without the ships that bring it—you would starve. The Germans know it. They are building submarines to sink our ships because they hope to win the war by STARVING you.

A nation without food cannot fight. It cannot live. You must defeat the peril. You must answer frightfulness with determination and energy.

More ships must be built to bring food. More food must be grown.

The Government calls on you—on every man between the ages of 18 and 61—to come forward now and volunteer for the work that has to be done.

There is no time to lose. The work is waiting to be done—on the Land, in the Shipyards, in the Factories and Munition Works. Do not hesitate. Do not stop to consider if you are "up to the job." So long as you have "a pair of hands and a head on your shoulders," you can do something. There is work for all and all must do it. And it must be done AT ONCE. Help bring a speedy peace by releasing fit men to fight.

The Scheme Explained.

Every man between the ages of 18 and 61 is called upon to volunteer for national work.

To do this he must get a form from a post office, or National Service office, and fill it up.

This form he will post (unstamped) to the Director, St. Ermins, Westminster.

If he is not already on work of National importance, he will receive notice to call at a local post office for an interview as to his fitness for work.

If a volunteer is called up he will get seven days' notice to go to his new employment.

If it is some distance from his home he will travel free.

He will be paid the local rate for the work he is to do, with a subsistence allowance, when necessary, not exceeding 2s. 6d. per day.

If he is to live in lodgings and also keep up his old home he may get 2s. 6d. extra a day.

Every man should offer his services; the State will decide whether he is doing National work now or not.

Men in reserved occupations are expected to enrol.

ENROL TO-DAY

in the Industrial Army

Forms for offer of services can be obtained at all Post Offices, National Services, and Employment Exchanges. Obtain one. Sign it. Post it. No stamp is required.

PLOT TO UPSET

THE DAY IS OURS—SHUT UP, McKEN

By THE EL

VERY soon the Great Push will begin. It has been long in preparation. All the resources of the mightiest Empire the world has ever known have been concentrated on the greatest task that could be committed to the English speaking peoples of the world. With deliberate intention to dominate mankind, the challenge was thrown down; with steady, adamantine, resolve the gage was taken up. And now the coming Spring of 1917 is to see the fulfilment of our carefully conceived plans, the realisation of a People's hopes. Victory is in the air. Even the politician scents the sweet aroma with confidence. It is the confidence born of the soldiers' assurance. Our mighty army, fashioned out of the bone and sinew of our citizens, is ready, and eager for the test. Honestly, earnestly, we strove for peace. But it was not to be. The Prussian military caste—the head of the Hohenzollerns, hungry for slaughter, greedy for conquest, saw only in the crimson cataclysm of war the realisation of the hope of world conquest. Now the tables are turned. The Day is ours; the Future is ours. The Allied Armies in the West are just waiting the "selected moment." Germany's doom is already sounded; the great guns on the Western front are keeping up their mighty reverberating chorus; the Hun hears and understands; his military power, so long and laboriously prepared, will soon be broken. His lust for the domination of Civilisation, his wild dream of a Germany striding across the seas, will be shattered. Hail—All Hail—the Day of Victory.

They Are At It Again.

It is at such a moment, when across the narrow waters that divide us from fair France comes the great British Army's message of confidence, that the querulous note of discord is once more sounded by the politician at home. Who can wonder if the nation loses patience and cries out for sentence on the miserable men who have learned nothing, and forgotten nothing, since the great challenge? If we lived in the good old days, when our public men were tested by their deeds and those who failed in the service of the State were brought to trial for their errors, the members of the late Government would to-day be arraigned before His Majesty's Judges. With our modern way of doing things, the time for actual Impeachment is not yet. But their crimes hang heavy upon them. Because of their sins of omission and commission victory has been risked, and delayed. They not only left undone the things which they ought to have done, but, believing that war can be won by words, they sat round the Cabinet table, *talking*, when they ought to have been *doing*—they preferred the empty sound of a Parliamentary debate to decisive action which gains victories. Thank God, we got rid of them! Let me tell Mr. McKenna and those who are evidently determined, if they can, to check the machinery of the Government that the country will not stand that sort of thing. We have had enough of the "old gang"; we are determined to see that the new men get fair play. We are not concerned at the number of Controllers who have been appointed, provided they really control and do not show any of that stupid fear and quaking indecision which, if it did not bring us to the verge of disaster, has put back the clock of victory and has cost us thousands of our best and bravest lives. I have never thought that the new Government was made up of super-men. But I do believe it is composed of earnest men—men who have no tenderness towards the Hun—who are working to crush the enemy and to win for us a real peace. Hands off Lloyd George!"—that is my demand and my warning. I saw the danger signal when the old gang, well routed at Westminster, scuttled to the rabbit-holes of the Reform Club, and there made arrangements to collar the Party chest. The red light was revealed again when Mr. McKenna ostentatiously proclaimed Mr. Asquith "Leader of the Liberal Party" in the Commons. It is true the ex-Prime Minister, who is a bigger man than many persons suppose, repudiated the idea and used language which was that of a true patriot. But the smaller men are evidently determined to re-establish, if they can, the bad old days of Party—the "Outs," in spite of their incarnadined past, already cast covetous eyes once more on office; they are hoping that the muddles they left to be cleared up are too great for their successors to deal with. Could impudence, boldly brazen and unashamed, go further?

General Election In May?

The danger is that if these men, who never dared to *do* but yet now dare to criticise, continue in their unpatriotic courses, the Government will cut the parliamentary knot, and appeal to the country at a General Election. I have not disguised my objection to obtaining a so-called verdict of the nation when all that is bravest and youngest in our manhood is away at the Front. It would, in my opinion, be a calamity at this supreme moment, when Victory is in the air and our gallant men are assuring us of the coming rout of the enemy in the West, if any part of our national energy were diverted to the profitless and, indeed expensive, business of a General Election. If the partizan pettifoggers of the Opposition make trouble, I would deal with them in another way—I would shut up the House of Commons. Its best work is done; it has enabled us to rout the rotters, to stampede the Stupids—the nation wants to win the war and to win it before the Summer is ended. It is sick of the politicians and disgusted with the talkers and the triflers. Mr. Lloyd George has now enough money to carry him on to the beginning of June. Well, give Parliament a good holiday. In any case, I appeal to him to abandon any idea of a May election. There is another way in which we can put the stopper on the carpers and the croakers—the men who held office without governing, and who played the game of the "hidden hand." The egregious Samuel, tenderest of Home Secretaries, when in command at Whitehall denied indignantly the justification for the belief in the "hidden hand." He still denies; the people will continue to believe. I have said we can deal in another way with those who are evidently deter-

LLOYD GEORGE.

ENNA!—GENERAL ELECTION IN MAY?

EDITOR.

mined to trouble the new Government. We can indict them now for their gross crimes against the State. We can draw up such a catalogue of misdeeds as will rob them of the last shreds of reputation. And if they dare to force the National Government to a General Election as an act of self-preservation in the best sense of the term—then they may rest assured of such a rout at the polls as will rid us, until war is ended and peace is restored, of their blighting and unhealthy presence.

Crimes of the Foreign Office.

Let us take, first of all, the gross blunders and costly errors of our diplomacy. Lord Grey of Falloden has gone to the quiet obscurity of the House of Lords. But he cannot thus escape the responsibility for a whole series of mistakes, for which to-day we are paying the price in Salonika and the Balkans. He knew what Turkey was playing at, just as he knew for weary months what was Greece's game. Yet he did nothing to avert the trouble; and just as Bulgaria was allowed to break away, so the Turks were permitted to join the enemy, with all the consequences in Mesopotamia and in Egypt. "In spite of repeated and continuous provocation," said the King's speech of November, 1914, "I strove to preserve in regard to Turkey a friendly neutrality. Bad counsels and alien influences have driven her into a p licy of wanton and defiant aggression." That is a Government confession put into the mouth of the King—which carries its own condemnation. If the Middle East is the grave of the ex-Foreign Minister's reputation, the miserable story of the Declaration of London, and the disgraceful delay in making cotton contraband, constitute his political winding-sheet. Cotton is a prime ingredient in the explosive power that propels the shell—that engine of destruction in which for so long the German was superior and with which he has killed thousands upon thousands of our lads. Yet seven months after war had begun, when our gallant fellows were staggering under the rain of German shells, the then Sir Edward Grey dared to tell the nation that the "military advantages" to be gained by making cotton contraband were "insufficient to render such a step expedient." Oh, that miserable word "expedient"! Take, too, the case of linseed oil. No less than 19,159 tons were sent across the North Sea between August, 1914, and March, 1915, against 18 tons in the same period of 1913-14! That is the kind of crime—that and the tampering with the Navy in connection with the Blockade, which gives colour to all the suspicions of the "hidden hand" which the indignant Samuel is pleased to deride. In spite of the U-boat "frightfulness" of 1915, the Navy was never permitted to get its grip on the throat and stomach of the Hun. Germany would have been starving to-day if the sailor had not been interfered with. Two years ago Mr. Asquith made a fine declaration of reprisals against the enemy. Why was not that threat carried out in all its grim meaning and without regard for neutral feeling? "Are we—can we," said the Prime Minister—"and here I address myself for the moment to the neutral countries of the world—are we to sit quiet or can we sit quiet as though we were still under the protection of the restraining rules and humanising usages of civilised warfare?" Splendid sentiments, which the British nation echoed to a man. And yet when the new Government came into power the Blockade was still leaky, and the new "frightfulness" came upon us unprepared to meet it. A year ago we were told that "the German declaration substitutes indiscriminate destruction for regulated capture; her opponents are therefore driven to frame retaliatory measures in order in their turn to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany." To-day that retaliation is still absent!

The Food Muddle.

Again, I ask what was done to counteract the menace to our food supply? Nothing. Runciman's record at the Board of Trade is hopeless. Even last autumn he pooh-poohed the idea of food rationing, while the Board of Agriculture from the beginning flatly refused to give the farmer any substantial inducement to grow wheat. "Anything in the way of bounty or guarantee to the farmer is not considered by the Board of Agriculture to be either possible or desirable. There are difficulties—economic difficulties." The old game! And this, too, from the Agriculture Minister a year ago: "The supply of sufficient breadstuffs for the population of the country depends largely on influences beyond the control of my department." And so we drifted on. Nothing done, every proposal shelved—and when to-day the farmer is getting to work and the Food Controller is trying to control, the men who messed and muddled dare to sneer and to criticise! It is no exaggeration to say that if we had not been successful in routing the "old gang" we should soon have been within easy distance of disaster.

The Nation Will Not Forget.

Remember—you who would interfere with the work of the National Government, and are now "lobbying" and plotting to upset Mr. Lloyd George—there is a long catalogue of offences, for which in due course you will have to make answer to the people you betrayed and the nation whose security you endangered. Be warned, be wise. You have already tried the nation's patience to breaking point. If you dare to embarrass Ministers, if in any way by your miserable criticisms and your impertinent interference you delay the hour of Victory, we shall give you very short shrift. Men who have failed as disgracefully as you have failed should for ever remain silent. You sit in the House of Commons representing no one but yourselves. If you "went to the country" to-morrow you would never return to Westminster. You are known for the political criminals you are—your record of ineptitude and indecision is before the Nation—the legacy of your incompetence and weakness is as a millstone around our necks. Stand on one side; leave stronger, more courageous men to lead the nation to victory. We will have none of you in this, the dawn of our day of triumph!

FORCING A FOOD FAMINE.

IS THE WAR OFFICE GOING MAD?

Between them, the Germhun submarine and the British War Office seem to be doing their best to force a food famine on this country; especially the War Office. At the very time when the Ministry of Agriculture is frantically crying to the farmers to save the country by increasing the food supplies, when the Board of Food Control is at its wits' end to make ends meet, and when we are all endeavouring to train our stomachs to the simple life, the War Office is stripping the soil bare of labour in order to drag into the Army a few thousand more men who would be of infinitely more value to the nation where they are. Take the case of Mr. Hayes, of Stoke House, Stoke Mandeville. He farms between 500 and 600 acres, and has no partner or relative to help. Both his men are gone, and he has been working with a reduced staff and two boys. He has been sending to London 11,000 gallons of milk a year; and as he has only one month's exemption he will have to slaughter his cows before he joins up unless, as is very improbable, having regard to the number of farms vainly offered on the market, he can sell his place as a going concern. The Army recruiters throw the responsibility on the Tribunals, but many Tribunals are now mere agents and instruments of the War Office, and as pliable under pressure of the Military Representatives as clay in the hands of the potter. They have their secret instructions, as the Military Representative has his. The result is, that we have arrived at a state of things in which the War Office, incessantly on the pounce for the last man on his last leg, is rapidly heading the country to unnecessary privation, if not to famine. This is what happened in a case also before us: A farmer of practical experience, with 600 acres, 700 sheep and 300 milch and other cattle, was notified for military service. He appealed to the local Appeal Tribunal, who understood the land and its needs. For reasons palpably adequate, his appeal was allowed and exemption granted. Determined to have the man for the Army, whatever became of the farm, the Military Representative took the case to the Central Appeal Board, who quashed the farmer's exemption. The man then appealed, within the three days only allowed, to the Board of Agriculture; and the Board brought the case to the War Office. The reply of the War Office was of the familiar type in such cases—that they could not interfere with the Central Appeal Tribunal's decision. The result is that the farmer sells up; 600 acres go out of cultivation, and breeding and milk cattle are sold off in haste, probably at a financial sacrifice. What profits it "a beleaguered city" if it gain one man for the Army and lose the produce of 600 acres? It does not need a Solomon to answer that question. Yet this is the thing which is going on every hour. Sheaves of appeals are before the Board of Agriculture; the same old reference is made to the War Office; and the expert man of the soil receives the same old answer. He must be a soldier, and the food supply go hang! Sixty thousand men are under obligation to leave the land for the Army as from 1st January last. It is understood the War Office propose to take only 30,000; the others are to be reinforced by piano-tuners and other immature agriculturists of enfeebled frame. What is the value to the country now of a few thousand men still to be trained into soldiering, compared with the same men already trained to their work on the land? No doubt Heaven is always on the side of the last reserve; but we are an island, and as things are going in this war we had much better keep our last reserve on the soil at home. We shall not win with famine at home and shortage in the trenches. Assuredly, that is how we shall lose. Parliament is not the sleeve poodle of the War Office. It is to Parliament we look to stop at once—for the time is short and the necessity is imperative—this mad withdrawal of human power from the soil by which the nation in its extremest travail will alone be enabled to fight and live.

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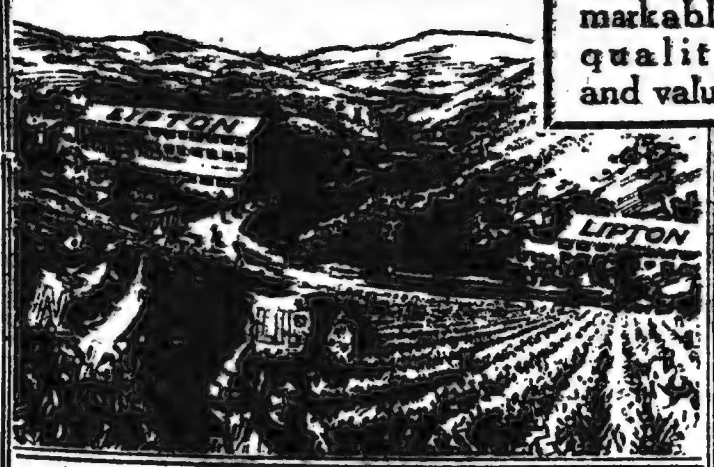

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Mrs. Hill.

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Nervous Debility	**Stomach Disorder**	**Loss of Flesh**
		Neurasthenia

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices—1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Box E.Y. 21, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

Help!

for Weakened Nerves is given by Sanatogen.

Avail yourself of the help that Sanatogen gives—real and lasting help—for which you will be grateful all your life.

Help for your whole system, and especially for your nerves. Not stimulation—that is false help—but a steady, *nutritive* process, which goes on day by day, with no reaction or wearing-off of the effects, until you are thoroughly well and vigorous, no longer needing help.

Try Sanatogen for a week—the results will convince you! And why not start *now*?

Get the genuine original Sanatogen.

Sanatogen is simply a cell-food, with unequalled invigorating properties. Its cost works out at about twopence a dose. And you will not be risking money on a doubtful experiment—Sanatogen is the real thing, and there is nothing in the world like it.

"Sanatogen has proved itself a veritable God-send," writes Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the famous poet and man of letters. "What it does it does for good, and I know of no aid comparable with it."

Get genuine Sanatogen, made in our factory in Penzance, Cornwall, and sold by all Chemists from 1s. 9d. per tin. Later on we shall re-name it "Genatosan" to distinguish it from the multitude of imitation products, but in the meanwhile it will still be called by its original name, Sanatogen. Insist on having the real thing, as purchased by us from the Board of Trade; and if you want any information about it, write to The British Purchasers of The Sanatogen Co., (*Chairman:* Lady Mackworth), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

Now Absolutely British.

Sanatogen
THE NERVE FOOD

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 25

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. BONAR LAW.

Mornin', sir! A bit brighter this mornin', ain't it? Spring's in the *hair* sir, an' everybody's 'air is on the spring. I carn't 'elp noticin' it, goin' over 'eads from mornin' till night. I tell you wot it is, sir—it's 'ope an' good spirits. . . . No, sir, I don't mean alco'ol. If I did I should be wrong, for blest if I can find a decent drop o' w'isky enny-wheres nowadays. Arfter a n'ard day's work you goes out fur a livener; you 'as a couple, or three—if a pal manages to parss the price without the young lady twiggin' it—an' you goes 'ome as steady and as miserable as w'en you came out. But apart from thet, sir, there's 'ope an' good spirits in the *hair*. The 'Un U-boats 'aven't done nuthink more terrible then wot they did before. 'Aig is nibblin' away day arfter day on the Somme front, an' the Vict'ry Wore Loan is sed to 'ave bin a 'owlin' success. By the way, sir, 'oo *is* Charncellor of the *Hexchequer* to-day? . . . *You* are sir? Well, I'm blowed! I'd clean fergot. I carn't keep pace with these chops an' changes. Enny'ow, I'm glad to know it's you. You *are* a man of practical bizniss experience, w'ich is more than can be sed of some of your successors wot come before you. Well, sir, let me congratulate chew on the wunnerful success of the Great Loan. I 'ear it's a fair staggerer. It's 'it *me* rawther 'ard, though. . . . *'Ow's thet?* W'y, the missis 'as made me mor'gage me spendin' money fur the next twelve months, an' forced me to shove it in the Loan! "Look 'ere," she 'ses to me one day lars' week, "'ow much a day do you spend on an average on booze?" she ses. It took me aback, sir, I admit. "I shell 'ave to reckon it out," I ses. "If you spend so much that you 'as to reckon of it out," she ses, "you spend more'n you're intitled to in these 'ard times. 'Ow many drinks do you put down a day?" she ses. "Thet's another queschun," I ses. "I don't pay fur orl the drinks I puts down. I knows my bizniss too well fur *thet*," I ses. "Don't beat about the bush" she ses, gittin' the wind up. "'Ow much do you spend a day?. Out with it!" "Let me see," I ses. "Since you cut orf my twelve o'clock 'arf pint, there's on'y me gin and Italian before dinner an' two fourpenny drops o' Scotch in the evenin'." "That'll be a shillin'," she ses, quick as lightnin', "seven bob a week, eighteen pound four a yer. Look 'ere, me man, she ses, "you'll take up twenty pound o' Wore Loan an' drop yore booze to pay fur it!" "Wot?" I ses. "There ain't no 'wots,'" she ses. "You'll *do* it." Well, sir, I knows my missis, so I temperised. Ten quids' worth I took up, an' now I'm rejooced to one Scotch a day, excep' w'en some sensible feller ses "'Ave another?" . . . . Yessir, the orrers o' wore is comin' 'ome to me now. But I don't blame you, sir. You 'as to think o' the country first, I know. . . . Thank you, sir; mornin', sir!

AN ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

COUNT BERNSTORFF.

Beneathe
Thys Iron Crosse
LIES
(As was hys wont whenne in ye fleshe)
AN HUNNE
Knowne bye ye name of

Count Bernstorff.

Sometyme
(Toe Americka its sorrowe)
Germhun Ambassador toe
Ye United States of Yankeelande.
Toe alle appearance
And ye naked eye
Hee was a manne
(And notte too goode lookynge atte thatte);
Butte in veritie hee was
A GERMAN SWINE,
Cunnynge, unscrupulous, and dangerous—
Fitte servante, in shorte, of hys master,
Ye bloodie Bobadil of Berlin.
Whenne ye warre between
Germanie and ye Allies
Broke oute,
BERNSTORFF
Didde hys beste
Toe make a catte hys paw
Of
Ye United States of Americka.
Failynge in ye whyche,
Hee secretly engineered a campaigne
Of sabotage against Americkan munition factories,
Hadde bombes placed in boates,
And attempted toe wage warre againste Canada
From neutral territorie.
Lyttle profit gayned hee
From anie of these thynges,
Ye Wyche,
On ye contrarie,
Besmyrched hys reputacione
(Such as itt was)
And created in ye Yankees an under-current
Of contempt for,
And lykewyse indignacione againste,
Ye Horrible Hunne.
Whenne ye Ragtime Kaiser,
After months of studied irritatione,
Finally insulted ye U.S.A.
Wyth hys U-boate threates,
Thatte tore itt!
WOODROW WILSON,
Takynge hys atrophied courage
In bothe handes,
Gave ye deceased hys *congé*,
Handed hym hys passporte,
Or,
In other wordes, tolde hym toe
Bung off.
Ye whyche hee didde.

Whenne Bernstorff hadde toe leave ye States
Hys soul (?) was filled wythe funke,
For fear bye Germhun submarines
Hys vessel mighte bee sunke;
Wythe coward terror soe consumed
Thatte hee coulde scarce draw breathe,
Hee trembled lyke an aspen leafe
And shooke hymselfe toe deathe!

I will teach You to Play the Piano Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery,

Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and dreary repetition can ever give you. **Thousands have done so for twelve years.** Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to **ordinary music.** Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book

"Mind, Muscle and Keyboard,"

which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.** I have also a **Course for Beginners** *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as may best describe your case.

RECENT LETTERS.

Miss W. W. (a Moderate Player): "I think your system is the clearest and cleverest method possible."—(Chichester.)

A. Mus. Bac. and L. Mus. T.C.L.: "Your System is far in advance of any other method which has come under my knowledge."—(Edinburgh).

Mr. A. H. C. (Beginner): "My friends are astonished at my progress. Your system is wonderful."—(Taunton.)

Mr. H. BECKER,
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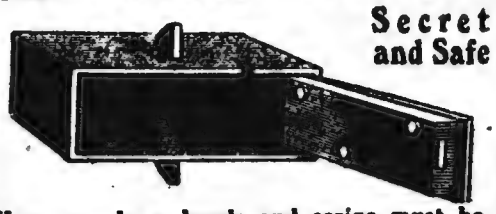
Keep Your WAR LOAN Secret and Safe



Your war loan bonds and scrips must be kept secure. This safe will do it. Same size as a brick—fits invisibly into any wall—safer than a drawer, box, or ordinary safe. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit it in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, £7 6; 13 ins. wide, £8 6. Sent car. pd. on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied & safe returned in good condition within 10 days, carriage paid. Special cement for fixing one safe 1s. extra. Sent without lugs unless specially ordered.
Customer writes after fitting safe in private office: "Having included in the proposal for Burglary Insurance 'Cash in safe at any one time £50,' Company's representative came down to inspect the safe and accepted the risk at £1 per cent." Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for full particulars to sole makers—
BRICK SAFE CO., 160, Morville St., Birmingham

Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. Dept. J B.) Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio
THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

HOW CHILBLAINS, CORNS, RHEUMATIC PAINS, ETC., ARE NOW CURED IN THE TRENCHES.

Sergeant C. S. Turner, of the R.A.M.C., also advises readers how to remedy gout or other uric acid disorders, and bunions, aching, swollen or inflamed feet, produced by cold and dampness.

The various kinds of foot misery are simply indications of injured tissues, but there is really no need of enduring any such torture a single moment. We soldiers now know they can all be instantly relieved and permanently cured by resting the feet about ten minutes in warm water containing a tablespoonful of the ordinary refined Reudel Bath Saltrates, which will form highly medicated and oxygenated water. This softens even the worst corns, so they come right out root and all, at the first touch, and all calloused places, blood congestion (chilblains), rheumatic or other swellings, aches and inflammation quickly disappear.

The feet being the farthest extremities from the heart to which blood must be forced, foot troubles are usually due to defective circulation. The soothing and healing saltrated water will stimulate the circulation, clear sebaceous matter from clogged pores, render skin active and healthy, and prevent offensive odours or injurious effects of acid perspiration and shoe pressure on sensitive, irritated nerves. All chemists keep Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which is more than sufficient to permanently end all foot misery at very slight cost. Although quite similar in composition to the waters of famous medicinal springs, the saltrated water is admitted to be far superior to any of them. Soldiers should try this refreshing foot-bath after coming in footsore from a long march. Their newest, tightest boots become comfortable as oldest pair they ever had. A packet of saltrates is always a welcome present in the trenches.

C. S. T.

NOTE.—Letters similar to the above, regarding the use of saltrated water for "trench feet" and the various other painful afflictions, have also been received from the following and numerous other soldiers—Sergt. R. Schooledge, A.S.C., M.T.; Corp. T. S. Wilburn, R.A.M.C.; Corp. Thos. Jukes, A.S.C.; Corp. J. R. Pitts, A.S.C., M.T.; Corp. Jim Sullivan, Army Physical Trainer; Corpl. R. Charles, A.S.C., M.T.

For Liver Disorders use Kalsel.—ADVT.

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION can be learned in 3 days. Only 6 rules. Send stamp for first lesson in this, the simplest and highest speed system to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE (Room J) SKEGNESS. (London, 32 & 33 Great Russell St. W.C.

FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

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Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of s/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns.

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Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

2d. Soups

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

Last Saturday, at Southend, the officers of the Buffs had a high old time. Such fighting, such good temper, such abundant proof that the lads of to-day are of the right stuff (not the sleek-haired, salmon-coloured socked, narrow-chested, cigarette-smoking, flabby youngsters we thought we were in danger of breeding before the war), and all for one of the many funds for the relief of broken Tommies. And earlier in the week, at the invitation of Major W. H. Renwick, I took myself to Tunbridge Wells to assist in the practice of the grand old game by real high-spirited fighters. Last Sunday there was another of those thoroughly enjoyable affairs, at the Eccentric Club, for the entertainment of our soldiers, at which my two boys, Mickey and Sydney, boxed. And on the 24th (Saturday), I am to officiate at a competition got up by the officers of the 9th Reserve London Regiment at Exeter. This battalion is largely composed of men back from France and the East, and the officers are doing all they can to encourage boxing among them so that they may get fit again as quickly as possible for further service.

I see Llew Edwards, who won our feather-weight championship, has beaten the Australian, McCoy. Well, Edwards, you may go on winning matches and making money to your heart's content, but for my own part I shall always believe that—with Freddie Welsh, the Light Weight Champion, and Kid Lewis, the young Londoner, who has been in America for ever such a long time—your place long ago was in the Army. Good, bad, indifferent, all boxers fit and not engaged on national work should be with the Colours.

A London youth, Billy Affleck by name, is highly thought of by quite a number of people. I saw him in a contest with the ex-champion flyweight Sid Smith, and I am bound to say that whilst he is splendidly built, is fast, and has evidently a big liking for boxing, his notions are very largely wrong. He wants to cure himself of holding; he should stand up straighter than he does and not concern himself almost entirely, as he has done when I have seen him, about "finesse," as I suppose he would call it. Many youngsters fail to make a reputation because they seek to be too clever all at once; they prance and dance and most times when they get to grips hold and hug. They should take a tip from Jimmy Wilde.

In anticipation of an early finish to the war, I shrewdly suspect, all American boxers are working at top speed, so to speak, especially the heavy-weights, and it is even stated that the mighty Jess Willard, whose greatest achievement was to beat the shell of the Jack Johnson who fought Jim Jeffries, has consented to return to the ring in the near future. Hugh Grant Brown—who bought quite a lot of bloodstock at Newmarket some time ago, and who recently cabled me to take Jimmy Wilde over to the States—has set the pot boiling furiously at Madison Square Gardens. Fred Fulton, four inches higher than 6 ft., is very much in the limelight, thanks to the ubiquitous promoter, and it is claimed that he has established the right to have a match for the championship. If Fulton is the next best to Willard, all I can say is that it is a pity the war is not over, else JOHN BULL would find one pounds better.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME GEMS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

"Would you please send me the address of your barber, who writes in your esteemed paper every week. I want my hair cut next week and would like to go to him, so that I could let you know what he says to me, being an Irishman. I would write you what he says, so that you could put it in your esteemed paper. It would not cost you much, only the price of the hair cut, and I can remember all he says, which I will communicate to you with my own opinions. Write soon as I must get my hair cut this month—and to—Hell with all traitors and Germans!"

"Can you tell me did Copernicus discover the Solar System or was it Galileo? Also was Confucius really a Chinese? His name is a funny one for a Chinaman. It sounds more like Latin."

"Will you tell me by return, in enclosed stamped envelope, if Waterloo Station was blown to atoms in a recent Air-raid? I've been asked by my brother, who wrote from York to me about it. There's an argument there about it. I thought Mr. Bottomley will know, and he will tell me. My late husband was an admirer of you being a sailor."

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

Seaford Camp, 14/2/17.

"JOHN BULL" Pen to hand. Many thanks. It looks good, is good, writes good, and is good goods for the money.

How do you do it?

W. J. SMYTH.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 18 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

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(Feb. 24, 1917.)

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

KILL those Vermin!

Every Soldier will welcome the wonderful Vermin destroyer

PARASITOX

"Truth" says:—

Body vermin are carriers of typhus and plague, perhaps the two most dreaded of all epidemic diseases. Exhaustive tests by experts have proved that Parasitox effectively destroys all species of body vermin, while at the same time, if applied to the face and hands or any exposed portion of the body, it repels the attack of mosquitoes and flies. It is supplied in a solid stick in a tin case, and the stick simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body, the natural heat of the body volatilising the active principles, which permeate the affected areas and kill all the parasites.

Send to your Soldier Friends. One dozen sticks sent Carriage Paid to any part 10/-

Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a Soldier in camp or field. One of the largest manufacturing firms in the kingdom has been so greatly impressed with its value that it has sent one to every one of its employees serving in the Army—over 750 of them—an example to be commended as a change from the gift of tobacco.

Parasitox not only kills all Vermin and Parasites but effectively destroys the eggs. Cold greasy ointments are useless, and no powders are efficient to completely rid the body of such pests.

Parasitox is prepared only by Heppell's Insecticide Laboratories. It is convenient to handle and pleasant to use, being free from grease, and leaves no stain. Every Soldier's kit should contain a stick of Parasitox. It will do much to preserve health and comfort.

Per stick

To be obtained from The British Expeditionary Force Canteens and all chemists, including Boots.

1/-

Sent post Free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/-.

French Money or Stamps accepted in payment.

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164, Piccadilly, also Strand, Haymarket, etc.

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The Country wants trained men and women to help fight this war.

Trained men and women are wanted to make munitions and keep the wheels of industry revolving. When Peace comes there will be an enormous demand for trained men and women to take advantage of new and glorious opportunities in the rebuilding of the Empire's Trade.

Every week the International Correspondence Schools receive hundreds of requests from Employers of Labour for trained men and women to fill highly-paid positions.

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Mark and post the attached coupon NOW. In a month or two opportunity will be knocking at your door. Will you be ready? Post the coupon—or if you prefer send a postcard

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NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List, write it here_____

Name_____

Address_____

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IF medical opinion had not been in its favour, Hall's Wine would never have attained its present standing. For over 25 years doctors have advocated its use and testified to the benefits derived from it.

Hall's Wine is especially efficacious in Bronchial troubles, Heart-weakness, Nervous Breakdown and in recovery from Influenza and other ills consequent upon wintry weather and changes in temperature.

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Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc.
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Why not Pancakes for Dinner to-day?

They are really much more delicious than most puddings and they cost very little when made with

Laitova Pancake Powder

5 RICH PANCAKES FOR 1d.

No eggs needed—the powder contains the necessary eggs dried by our own process. Just mix with a little flour and milk and you can make the most delicious pancakes. Little trouble—little time—little cost. Laitova Pancake Powder is just as good for Yorkshire puddings.

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find that their clothes can be kept in a new condition throughout the year by our well known *Tailor-valeting* Service. We scientifically clean them, do all minor repairs, re-shape and press them in West End style at an inclusive charge of

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MONOMETER FURNACES,

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There's no "dawn-of-another-day" for insects once they come into contact with Vertroy. Vertroy positively kills all insect pests and rids the home of a great germ carrier. Get a supply to-day and sprinkle it everywhere beloved of insects.....you will be surprised at the death rate. Vertroy is a sweet-smelling powder and is quite harmless to everything but insects.

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Makes 25 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 25 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 6 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

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is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 25

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

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OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Those Secret Reports.

As a protest against the unfair secret reports which we have so often referred to, one of our best flying men refused to hand in his Commission and discontinue to wear uniform, electing to stand a prosecution, in order to make his case public. Upon one occasion when the plucky man was up in his machine, he gallantly attacked a fleet of German aeroplanes. His observer was shot dead beside him, but he carried on—with the result that he brought down one of the best German flying men, and routed the remainder. With his own aeroplane riddled, he succeeded in regaining our lines. The Flight-Commander granted his request for a short rest; but it was immediately followed by a secret report, suggesting that he should be passed out of the service, owing to the total breakdown of his nerves — a breakdown, by the way, which had not occurred; the man being as fit in a few days as any of his comrades. Following the system, the General accepted the report and forwarded it to the War Office—the upshot being that the gallant young fellow was asked to retire. We have had placed before us hundreds of cases of excellent officers being shown the door, owing to spleen or jealousy on the part of their "superiors"—the superiority in some cases beginning and ending with a badge of rank on the shoulder strap. Mr. Lloyd George is a keen man, and will, we trust, take cognisance of the abominable system under which some of our best men are scrapped.

Fairplay Wanted.

The Australian soldiers in Worget Camp, which is at Wareham, complain that the 5 per cent. of their number who are granted leave to go to Bournemouth are refused permission to use the railway trains, and must make the journey either by motor-car or on shanks's pony—the distance being 14 miles. This is scarcely fairplay, having regard to the fact that several times a day empty trains travel between the two places.

Thanks from Larkhill.

We are cheered by letters from our Australian soldiers at Larkhill Camp, who tell us that our recent exposure of the conditions there has had the desired effect. The men are now happy, but they would be happier still if a certain senior officer washed-out his mouth and ceased to defile it with the blasphemous and obscene language which he uses towards the men on parade. If the officer in question reads paragraph 435 in King's Regulations, he will see something that will interest him—namely, that he can be kicked out of the Service for imitating the traditional Billingsgate porter of bygone times.

Unfair Criminy.

Owing to the irregularity of the service, and the cutting out of certain trains at some of our termini, men returning from leave often find themselves hung up. They report to the Station-master and to the Transport Officer, and are provided with certificates showing that the delay in reaching camp was unavoidable, so far as they are concerned. Some Commanding Officers, we regret to have to say, refuse to take such certificates as evidence, and "crime" the men, confining them to barracks, or sending them to detention, with the consequent stoppage of pay. We have many concrete cases of this unfair treatment, which we intend to present to the proper authority at the War Office.

"Remember the Sabbath Day ——."

Some time ago, the soldiers at Penally Camp were ordered to fill in each Sunday by going through musketry training. At the time there was a rush on, and real necessity for work on the seventh day. The need has passed, but Sunday is still observed as a day for musketry training. The men very naturally resent the extra work, and we should like the opinion on the subject of the General in command of the district.

Brutal and Inhuman.

We offer our sincere sympathy to the many good men and true who write to us concerning the refusal of Commanding Officers to grant them leave to be at the bedside of dying relatives, or to attend the funeral—notwithstanding the genuineness of each case, as vouched for by the telegrams despatched by the police. If Lord Kitchener were alive this brutal treatment would not be continued for long, and we wonder if there is anybody at the War Office who will take an interest in the matter.

Our Daily Bread.

We suggest that the Food Controller should go round our camps and inquire into the feeding of the men. If he does so, he will discover that the scale to which he suggests we should confine ourselves would be regarded by the troops as tremendously generous. In many districts the soldiers, who develop roaring appetites in the open air, live on as much food as would satisfy a healthy snipe. We hope the War Office keeps an eye on the food indents, and that the men get all that the Quarter-Masters sign for. We still suspect that many scallawags are feathering their nests out of Tommy's hunger.

"Go It, Ye Cripples!"

At a Camp at Rochester the cripples appear to be refused a square deal, although supposed to be excused from all but light duties. They are worked like niggers, and in the bulk would form a hospital.

Poor Old Jack!

A couple of seamen who had come ashore from a destroyer whose name looms large in present day naval history, entered a refreshment house in Birmingham and asked for teetotal drinks. They were ordered out, as they were in uniform—not a cup of tea or a ginger ale is allowed to our defenders, because they wear the honourable garb of the fighting man, although the citizens who do not fight may guzzle potent drinks until they fall on the floor. But it's our way.

The Bluejacket's Food.

We have received numerous complaints from men of the Portsmouth Division concerning the prices charged for commodities by the contractors. We have gone carefully into the matter, and can assure Jack that if the figures were cut down the contractors would have absolutely no profits. The fault lies with Whitehall, which should increase the victualling allowance.

Another One for Us.

We thank the men of the Kingstown Base for their numerous letters, praising us for having a brass-bound bully brought to book. We only did our duty, and are glad to know that the foul-mouthed swashbuckler has had the gyves placed upon him.

A Tip for Sir Edward.

Men of the Sick Berth Reserve Staff complain that they have been called up for the Army. We can scarcely credit it, but the number of letters which we have received compels us to believe that it is true. The men feel that the Government have broken faith with them, and they naturally grumble at their pay being cut down. Perhaps Sir Edward Carson will chat the matter over with the Chief of the War Office.

Fish One—Flesh the Other.

We should like to know why the crews of the Admiralty tugs, commonly called the "yard craft," are given no clothing allowance, as the captains and crews of private-owned tugs are granted money for kit, and swank about as full-blown Naval men. One day, when the war is over, Whitehall will look into this matter.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

R. J. (Bromley).—I am sorry to say that, for the duration of the war, the Regulation concerning the commutation of pensions is suspended.

Mrs. M. C. (Finchley).—You should see the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, who will look after you until your "ring paper" is forwarded.

Mrs N. (Golder's Green).—In view of the physical state of your husband, the pension of 16s. a week is according to Regulations.

H. R. (Walthamstow).—The pension seems rather small, and I therefore advise you to see the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, who will give you the form D. I to fill in, claiming a supplementary pension.

M. J. B. (Holloway).—I am sorry to say you cannot claim for the illegitimate child, as it was not supported by your husband at the time of his enlistment.

Mrs. N. E. J. (Marylebone).—I am sending you a form to fill in, which you should return to the Navy League (Overseas) Relief Fund. If your answers are satisfactory, you will be granted assistance.

Mrs. M. K. (Newcastle).—See the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, who will give you the form necessary to claim an extra pension.

R. J. (Euston Road).—I made an appeal on your behalf, and have been assured that you will get an extra grant.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. J. A. Jackson, 1259, East Yorkshire Regiment; Pte. C. Nicholas, 11380, A Coy., Middlesex Regiment; Rfm. A. Sykes, 12505, B Coy., King's Royal Rifles; Pte. W. F. Watts, 180330, A Coy., Canadian Expeditionary Force; Pte. J. Ballam, Lincolnshire Regiment; Pte. Gilligan, 43142, Essex Regiment; Pte. H. T. Sneesby, 21326, Suffolk Regiment; Pte. D. A. Fergusson, 41006, H.L.I.; Pte. T. Lyon, 34636, K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. J. W. Lamb, West Riding Regiment; Pte. D. Denny, 14431, K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. C. W. G. Arnott, 40438, Scottish Rifles; Pte. R. Scales, 12006 (Pioneers), Scots Guards Hqs.; Pte. W. S. Hebbes, 20415, Northants Regiment; Pte. I. Handford, 473109, Royal Canadian Regiment; Pte. C. Holmes, 19989, Royal Berks; Pte. J. R. Largton, 18830, Lincolns; Pte. A. A. Singer, 37479, Royal Fusiliers; Pte. H. Smith, 2290, Royal Fusiliers; L/Cpl. E. Schultz, 16257, N.F.; L/Cpl. W. Murrell, 695, Middlesex; Pte. A. V. Mason, 30290, Worcestershire Regiment; Pte. A. Philpott, 17/34829, Manchester Regiment.

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Sore, tender, perspiring feet need TIZ, because it's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause foot torture. TIZ is the only remedy that takes pain and soreness right out of corns, hard skin, and bunions.

Get a 1s. 1½d. box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 1s. 1½d. And send a box to your boy at the Front—*he'll* appreciate it, sure enough.

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OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

An ex-soldier left the Service, without pension, in an advanced stage of consumption. He is confined to bed and, with his delicate wife and three children, was starving until particulars of his case were sent to us.

Another discharged soldier, with a pension of 4s. 8d. a week, has a wife and five children. The poor fellow cannot work, and his landlord was about to place his goods on the street when the sufferer came to us, with the customary result.

Discharged from the Army, a rifleman found himself in want, owing to the delay in the forwarding of his back pay. He has a wife who is ill, and two healthy children with good appetites. We replenished his larder, gave him something to go on with, and had his bahmoe of pay forwarded at once.

Another discharged man wrote to us, saying that he was ill and destitute. Immediate investigation proved the case to be a shocking one—so we naturally at once rendered assistance.

A warrior, after being in the thick of it, was sent back for Home Service, and broke down in health. He was awarded the minimum pension of 4s. 8d. a week for six months, on which he had to live, with his wife and little daughter. He cannot work at present, and his wife is not in good health. We helped him at once, and procured a supplementary pension for him.

An old soldier, who has almost reached the allotted span of life, had rheumatism and is bedridden. In his distress he wrote to us, and when we visited him we found that he was not only suffering from privation, but was badly in need of clothing. We helped him as far as money can allevinte his unfortunate position.

A woman, whose husband joined the Army six weeks ago, had not received the "ring" paper necessary for the collection of her separation allowance, and was consequently in great want. We helped, and arranged matters for her with the Statutory Committee, to whom she should have applied in the first place.

The wives of newly-joined men do not generally know that when a separation allowance is delayed they have only to apply to the local War Pension Committee, who will grant support until their cases are completed.

Among the men discharged from the Army there must be some barbers. Should this meet the eye of a Knight of the Razor who has served his country, has received a good discharge, and is sober and industrious, a generous reader offers him, through us, a fully stocked shop in a good business centre in the City. In addition, there are five living rooms. He may have the whole for nothing—the only condition being that he pays the weekly rent.

A man who was crocked whilst in the Home Service has been in hospital, his wife having to keep the home fires burning by doing ill-paid outside work, when able to obtain it. She has two children at home unwell, and one dangerously ill in the infirmary. The unfortunate woman appealed, without success, to the local Relief Fund authorities; but we did what we could for her.

During the week, we gave the usual assistance in cases where uninsured children of soldiers had died. We find that, owing to the paucity of the separation allowances, numerous mothers are compelled to drop their clubs and insurances—with disastrous results when death visits the home.

Many applicants who are not war sufferers write to us asking for loans, varying from five to fifty pounds. Our Fund, however, is not a Loan Society; it exists solely for the purpose of relieving unavoidable distress arising from the war. JOHN BULL is out to do its best for all classes, but it is not the Bank of England, nor is it registered under the Money Lenders Act.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"214198's Wife," 1s.; L.B.B., 5s.; "All Gay," 3s. 6d.; "A Dichard's Mother," 6d.; "Puzzled," 1s.; "Officers and Ship's Coy., H.M.S. *Swift*" £2 3s. 3d.; Commander, Officers, and entire Crew, H.M.Y. *Medusa II.*," £1; E.A.S., 5s.; A.W.M., 2s.; "Chips," 2s. 6d.; E.B.B., 1s.; E.M.S. (Wimbledon), 10s.; A. H. F. (Wanstead), 2s.; Mrs. McD., 1s.; Mrs. L. T. (Pulham), 5s.; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," 6d.; M.E.R. (Montrose), 1s.; "Bert's Mother, In Remembrance," 2s. 2d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; A.E.S., 1s.; Mrs. M. E. N., 2s. 6d.; "One of 'em," 2s.; "Leopard's Skin," 2s.; A.M., 2s.; "2 yrs. 7 mths., C.G.W.," 5s.; Mrs. B., 2s.; E.C.C., 3s. 6d.; Mrs. E. S. P., 5s.; "A Constant Reader," 5s.; H.J., 1s.; "A Soldier's Chum," 2s. 6d.; "Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros., Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch)," £3s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 5s.; N.C.O.'s (Del.) Mess, R.E. Base Park, Salonica, 23s.; C.F., 1s.; Mrs. E. (Folkestone), 5s.; Collection on board s.s. *Carulake* (per S.S.), £5 7s.; E.T., 6d.; J.L., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. S. (Doncaster), 2s.; P.C.S.s 1s.; F.B., 5d.; F.C. (E. Sheen), 6d.; Mrs. F., 5s.; "Jay Tee," 5s.; J.W.B., 2s.; T.P.O., 2s. 6d.; A.F.C., 1s.; F.T. (Falmouth), 2s. 6d.; "Anxious Mother," 1s.; S.R.B. (Rouen), 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Sergeants' Mess, 2/4 Border Regt., Peshawar (per J.S.), £1 10s.; I.Y.Z., 1s.; Part proceeds of Concert by Children of Fremington School (Yorks), per M.W., £1 2s.; H.J.H., 1s.; "Market Grower," 5s.; G.J. (Saltley), 5s.; F.D. (Maltby), 1s.; Mrs. E.W., 2s. 6d.; "Taxi-Driver 2372," 1s.; Mrs. W.B., 1s.; "Anti-Radical," 10s.; "Cymric," 5s.; "A Dinner at Silverdale, Rangoon," £2. Mr. G. E. Austin, the winner of the first prize in our 223rd "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £10.

COLLECTING BOXES.

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LONDON.—Mr. Geo. Layton, "The Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 5s. 6d.; Mr. I. Henriques, "Clarendon," Mildmay Pack, 8s. 6d.; Mr. A. Rowe, "Cowley Arms," Addison Place, Brixton, 6s.; Mr. G. Pennie, 433, Brixton Road, 3s. 0½d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, c/o Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, Stratford, 5s. 6d.; Mr. A. E. Mackay, "City of Canton," 2, Up. North Street, Poplar, 3s. 6d.; Mr. W. A. Taylor, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmare Street, Poplar, 3s. 10d.; Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Denmark, 322, Roman Road, Old Ford, E., £1; Mr. W. Carlton, "Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 4s. 5d.; Messrs. E. and J. Jarvis, 86, S. Ealing Road, W., 2s. 6d.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?
CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.
LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. In all cases full names and addresses should be given.

G. K. (St. Leonard's-on-Sea).—"Take care of yourself; we cannot afford to lose another Horatio." Come to think of it, neither can we.

MRS. L. B. (Newport).—"We cannot fight what is out of sight." Don't you believe it, madam. The Hun submarines rusting at the bottom of the sea could tell another tale.

"LANARKSHIRE READER."—The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the extremely handsome walking stick—your own work—which you have been good enough to send him.

J. B. K. (London, E.C.).—The Huns may boast that they are the salt of the earth, but they will presently have to admit that the Allies are the red pepper.

"MOTHER OF SIX" (Sussex).—Truly must the food limitations suggested by Lord Devonport seem both extravagant and absurd to poor mothers of large families.

MRS. J. M. (Cardiff).—The widespread idea that a soldier's wife who enters a munition factory has her separation allowance either reduced or discontinued is quite erroneous. Do your best for the national cause!

BR. J. P. (Gen. Hosp., Leicester).—Standard coins for the whole British Empire will have to come. But it is a big matter, and cannot be contrived in a hurry.

W. G. H. (Muswell Hill).—We see that Mrs. Robert Fuller, Great Chalfield, Melksham, Wilts, advertises "three in family; ten servants." House probably too big for the family, but about right size for the servants.

"POULTRY" (Chorlton).—If, as a war economy, you choose to feed your hens on a 60 per cent. diet of sawdust "as a trial," do so. It takes all sorts of funny people to make a world.

"FIGMENT" (Belfast).—"Watch the Irish coasts!" You're not expecting the Kaiser, are you?

A. J. (Moreton).—But surely nobody does believe "the wondrous notes and speeches emanating from Germhuny"? We don't believe the Germhuns believe 'em.

"NAP" (North Camp).—There are no means enabling the Stirling electorate to get rid of their M.P., Mr. Ponsonby, till he resigns or there is a General Election.

F. B. (Morda).—"God help Fritz when weather permits!" He'll want help badly from somewhere, anyhow.

"OLD ADMIRER" (Manchester) thinks the brewers and distillers must be having a good time. Certainly they have never made so much money out of water since they started trade.

"CONSUMER" (Brighton).—"Pretty nearly everybody who has anything to sell is trying to make unholy war profits out of everybody who has to buy it." Send us the addresses of the exceptions.

"MILES."—"The Bishops receive £182,000 annually between them. If they were content with £500 each annually——" What a big, big "if"!

O. K.—The Editor resigned his seat in Parliament on May 15th, 1912.

A. T. (St. Anne's).—"Was Blue Beard a German?"—He could not have been, because he gave his victim half-an-hour to say her prayers.

"A BRITISHER" (Merton) asks: "If the Defence of the Realm Act is a grand thing, then why cannot it suppress such a rag as JOHN BULL?" Well, the Government has quite enough to do to manage the war, without inciting a revolution.

E. C. (Marquette, Manitoba).—We question whether the gang of pacifists you mention would even make decent bone manure, as they are practically invertebrate.

"A READER" (New Brighton) suggests that Mr. Alfred Butt was appointed to assist the Food Controller because the famous music-hall magnate must of necessity be an expert judge of calves. We never thought of that.

"RAILNIS" (Erdington).—We shall urge the Government to deport all interned Alien enemies after the war. We all want to lose them, and we think they ought to go.

"HOPEFUL" (Edmonton).—"I only wish you could preach in our church some day; what a crowd there would be." Yes, and what a collection!

W. A. (London, E.).—As you intimate, the directors of the British Seafarers' Union are a rickety pro-German crew, but the patriotism of the rank and file may be relied upon to counteract their evil influence.

"QUERY."—"The public want to know"—just so, but if we were to tell them all we know, we should go where naughty Editors go.

"CONSTANT READER."—"How different it would have been if your warnings had been heeded." Ah, us; but we're getting on.

"HOUSEHOLDER" (Willesden).—A horrible state of affairs, but we are still trying to smile, and you must do the same.

"NO MORE."—How do we pronounce our name? Exactly as spelled, with the accent on the first syllable. The idea of calling us *Boom*-ley! Sounds like an explosion. Ever heard the Cholmondeley story?

"BARGAIN HUNTER" (Consett).—Daresay you would like some of that tea at 4d. per ¼ lb. It really was on sale at Southampton for a week, owing to rival dealers tilting at each other.

M/056590 F. J. SPARKS, L.-Cpl., lost his kit bag at Southampton when returning home on leave from Salonika. Should it have been taken by mistake, the present possessor might be good enough to communicate with us.

"MUNITION WORKERS" (Morecambe).—"We have to pay 10s. or 17s. 6d. a week for lodgings and never see a dinner. All we get is jam or such-like." That is no food for working girls. Who bleeds you—landladies or contractors?

PTE. R. A. (Willey Camp).—The phrase "A Nation on its knees," obviously means a nation caught bending.

S. S. (Nunhead).—Your "old" £1 Treasury notes are quite as good as the new ones.

"ALICE" (E. Dulwich) says that our remarks on the extravagance of Lady Curzon's trousseaux are "worthy of thanks." Thanks.

A. B. H. (Musselburgh).—We have had pleasure in forwarding to the Coroner's Officer the £1 2s. from the "Voluntary Fines for Naughty Words" box, and are quite sure that the amount will prove of very considerable benefit to the poor consumptive father of eight children who recently lost one of them in the sad circumstances detailed in our recent paragraph, "A Coroner's Appeal."

C. O. S.—What was the matter with you when you wrote your long letter? Had you been on half-rations?

A. W. H. (Penshaw).—Cannot say how you can grow potatoes unless you can find the land. Perhaps for a start you intended to grow them in flower-pots.

"ALMA" (Clapham).—It ought to have been 12 months' hard labour. A man who takes matches into a T.N.T. factory is too dangerous to be at large.

"ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED" (Chapeltown).—Far better had you remained unwed, or placed a millstone around your neck and cast yourself into the sea, than to have married a Germhun. It may seem hard to you, but you must endure the result of your unnatural alliance.

T. S. (Co. Down).—Perhaps it was as well, for fear of disappointing thirsty strangers, to change the inscription at the station entrance from "Ring for Porter," to "Porter's Bell."

"JIMMIE" (Croydon).—If you are "always seasick" no wonder you don't like the sea. You remind us of what the lady in the story thought about it; the first hour she was afraid she would die, and the second she was afraid she wouldn't.

"SOLDIER'S WIDOW" (London).—"My dear husband gave his life willingly and unselfishly, and I and my children are proud of him." Nobly said, dear lady. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

"A TOMMY."—On the erroneous newspaper report of the tribunal proceedings, we can understand your feelings. The highly-skilled water-proofing work—much of it for the Government—has, however, never been done by Englishmen; therefore, the stoppage of the foreigners in question would throw our own people at the factory out of employment. Mr. Birnbaum himself is British-born, of Russian descent.

"ANTI-PUMP" (Beverley).—It is impossible to deny that drinking is an evil where it is excessive. The man who drinks to excess is a fool—like the man who over-eats.

J. A. (Nottingham).—The naturalised Germhun is another story. All spies are not Germhuns, remember.

M. D. (Oakham).—On the authority of the well-known book, "The First Seven Divisions," we stated that Corporal Jarvis won the first V.C. in the present war. You now inform us that honour belonged to Lieut. M. Dease, V.C., posthumously awarded the Cross won by him on August 23rd, 1914, the first day our troops were in action.

"LOVER OF JUSTICE."—"Sorry to take up your time and space." Rather a lot of time, but only this little bit of space.

"DOUBTFUL" (Kensington).—"If two flames be cut in halves and the electric bell plays the plum pudding, will the canary breed kittens, or the parrot gnaw flowerpots? This is only five sides of the burning question." Help!

J. T. (B.E.F.).—"Tell me the six biggest towns in England in their proper order." Goole, Spennymoor, Clovelly, Kentish Town, Wigan, and London.

J. A.—"There is a new complaint called Wind in the head. Can you tell me how it *effects* people?" By making them spell badly.

"A WORKING GIRL."—"By saying nothing you can hear more, as the Old One says." Wonder what else he told you?

"WOUNDED SOLDIER" (Lichfield).—It would not do you any good were we to tell you the record gate at Stamford Bridge for Chelsea football. Besides, we don't know it.

"A READER."—"The Central Control Board in Carlisle are busy sending youths to the Army, while its own offices shelter men, passed for general service, who stay at home." You say so; here it is.

"AN ADMIRING READER" (Dursley).—There are more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible. We count them once a week, to oblige readers.

"WATCHING" (Newport).—"Bullets" is a fair and square competition, and only merit wins. Topography, or geography, matters nothing.

MRS. W. L. C. (Midlothian).—For advice regarding home employment, buy *Everywoman's*.

E. M. S. C. (West Norwood).—Why write a poem saying, "The sun upriseth in the east"? If it uprose in the west, it would be something to make a song about. And you ask, "Am I a lunatic, or dying?" We don't think you are dying.

"MARCH."—Will the parents of L.-Cpl. Victor March, lately residing at 115, Bradgate Road, Catford, please communicate with their son, who is at present lying in Charing Cross Hospital, London?

J. W. B. (Regent Street).—"My office when in order is lit by the St. James and Pall Mall Electric Light Company." When things are out of order, we presume you sit in the dark. Naughty boy!

"A CONSTANT READER" (Finsbury Park).—Your daughter in Canada appreciates us when you send a copy. "I do like old JOHN BULL, and I don't think I missed much out of it." Suppose "old" is a term of endearment?

H. N. C. (Walthamstow).—We can only suggest that you should wear your shirts a little longer. Now everybody will be guessing what you asked us.

H. H. K. (King's Cross Road).—"Why not scour the seas for enemy submarines?" Beats us how you manage to think these things out.

B. A. C. (Lewisham).—"Many thanks for your paragraph." Help yourself to another.

J. E. (North Queensland).—"Men do not care to go alone and leave their wives behind." That all depends where they're going. For example—— But, ssh!

H. K. (Lewisham).—Sorry you were so rudely spoken to by the young gentleman with "a bit of military hair on his upper lip." More hair and less lip would have been better, eh?

H. W. (Wallsend).—"Your JOHN BULL Pen is all right." Yes, it is "all write," isn't it?

WILLIAM HENRY ANDERSON (born in Tayport, Fifeshire), or any comrade, is requested to communicate with his sister Eliza, c.o. this journal.

A. H. H. (Bath).—"There are no food restrictions here, and tradesmen do as they please. It is all meatless days for the poor." Yes, Lord Devonport must Do it Now!

SGT. S. M. (B.E.F.).—Bought a "Printed in Germany" postcard in Belfast, did you? Very naughty of you. Always look first.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

RHEUMATISM.

The Secret of a Simple Cure.

Are you a walking Barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid and should cure the trouble at once. You can now easily do this yourself at home.

You may not have heard of the almost magical specific that will do this. It is called Curicones—the latest scientific discovery.

Write to-day for a free home-trial package and a copy of the little book "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It gives away the secret of this remarkable preparation, and has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of Rheumatism—Lumbago—Sciatica—Neuritis—Gout—and is the only preparation, as far as we know, which relieves and cures

RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS.

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't cure you. Send for the trial package. Curicones give prompt relief and will cure you. The book will tell you why Curicones are so effective from the first dose. You can relieve **FREE** your pains immediately, reduce swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. Repeated tests prove that it is equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for long chronic cases where all other means have failed. Send no money—just forward your name and address—postcard will do, to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd. (Dept. W6), 19-21, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

Make up for lack of exercise in winter by taking a teaspoonful every morning of

Kovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—keeps you fit.

From Grocers, Stores, and all Boots' Branches in **6d. and 1s. tins.**

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.

Include a tin in the next parcel you send to the boys at the Front.

The NATION'S CALL

FOR MORE FOOD

SOW

JOHN K. KINGS

GARDEN "PEDIGREE" GARDEN

SEEDS

FOR THE BEST RESULTS.

CATALOGUE FREE.

JOHN K. KING & SONS, The Kings Seed Growers,

FAMOUS FOR 124 YEARS. **COGGESHALL.**

"BULLETS"—THE WARTIME RELAXATION!

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

☛ **A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 1st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(227) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 227, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 1st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(227) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O for 1s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 1st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(227) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 228. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 8th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **228** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 228,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 228.

UNITED STATES
GERMAN FRIGHTFULNESS
BREAKING THE ICE
MOTHER'S ECONOMY
KEEP SMILING
TOMMY'S RATIONS
IN AGREEMENT
THE LODGER'S SHARE
HOME FIRES
ON PAY-DAY
KEPT WAITING
MAKES FATHER TALK
PRETTY SMART
OLD CAT
FAIR WOMAN
THE IDLE RICH
RUDE REMARKS
MAKING BLOOMERS
KEEPING PIGS
BLAMING THE KAISER

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 227.

WHEN WILSON DECIDES
SPRING OFFENSIVE
WHAT HAIG SAYS
GENERAL CONFIDENCE
GENEROUS TO A FAULT
PLAIN FOOD
HUMBLING GERMANY
IN FOR TROUBLE
GETTING MILITARY CROSS
CANTEEN CHARGES
BECOMING DESPERATE
A MIXED LOT
AMERICAN DOLLARS
BEGINNING TO REALISE
COSTLY MISTAKE
FATHER'S SUNDAY
PACKING UP
WORK FOR WOMEN
MARRIED MEN
WICKED WASTE
MOST EXCITING WHEN
PLEASANT COMPANY
BIG FROST
MATRIMONY
MOST NEEDFUL
IMPUDENT PROPOSAL
DEFYING THE DUTCH
RAISING FOOD
SILENT PRESSURE
STAGGERS THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
MOST NEEDFUL.
Bullet:—
FRIENDS, WHEN IN TROUBLE.

Example:—
BIG FROST.
Bullet:—
OFTEN AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Example:—
PLEASANT COMPANY.
Bullet:—
NOT KAISER'S.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. foreach coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 17th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated February 24th.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 224th BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :—

MR. E. KAY,
59, Westgate, Rotherham.

Example :—TEMPTING OFFER.
Bullet :—PEACEMONGER TYING UP BOOTLACE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

MR. E. J. GREENER,
32, Dancer Road, Fulham, London, S.W.

Example :—WISEST PLAN.
Bullet :—ECONOMISING BEFORE THERE'S "NEED."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :—

MR. G. MORRISON, c/o Sayes,
13, Langside Road, Crosshill, Glasgow.

Example :—THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY.
Bullet :—HE SPENDS GIVING "ORDERS."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. H. CORRIN, 32, Kinsale Rd., Peckham Rye, London : WHAT WILSON SAYS—GERMANY'S "DICTATION" NEEDS "CORRECTION."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. J. H. CHAPPELLE, Parkview, Lennoxtown, by Glasgow: WISEST PLAN—CABINET'S "TALKING OVER" NOW.

Mr. J. PERRIAM, 287, Edgware Rd., Paddington, London : HAD ENOUGH—GERMAN TROOPS "BEFORE" BRITISH.

Mr. H. THOMAN, 2, Baglan Cottages, Treherbert, Glam. : BASHFUL YOUNG MAN—SELDOM "CORRESPONDS" WITH FLAPPER.

Mr. A. HOWARD, 9, St. John's Road, Cambridge : FIGHT TO FINISH—VICTORY NEEDS CLEVER "ENGINEERING."

Mr. H. JAMIESON, 62, Upper Kessock St., Inverness, Scotland :
FIGHT TO FINISH—BEFORE BELGIANS "REPAIR HOME."

Mr. J. BARRETT, 25, Albert Road, Cosham, Hants : FORBIDDEN LUXURY—NEUTRALITY IN EUROPE SOON.

Mr. A. T. B. WALKER, 27, Wilberforce Street, Ipswich : TAKEN IN—WE'LL SEE POSTERITY ISN'T.

Mr. A. C. BENNETT, Coal Depot, Silloth, Cumberland : WISEST PLAN—SAVE, WHILE "WAR WAGES."

Mr. H. MARRIOTT, Highfield, Sale, near Manchester : TURNING THE TABLES—TOMMY THE BEST "MEDIUM."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Mr. P. J. SANDERS, "Westburn," Teilo Street, Cardiff ONE AND ONLY—FATHER'S RESOLUTION, ENTERING PUB.

Miss RULE, c.o. Swan, 32, Williamsburgh, Paisley, Scotland: IN A SORRY STATE—HENPECK BILLETED ON WIFE.

Mr. W. GEORGE, 7, Marmora Rd., Honor Oak, London, S.E.: WITHOUT ASKING—DAD "FETCHES" MOTHER "ONE."

Mr. J. SLADE, 29, Mayfield Avenue, Chiswick, London, W. WHAT WILSON SAYS—THEY'RE "SINKING" FOR FOOD.

Mr. WM. PROUDLOVE, 5, Albert Street, Newcastle, Staffs. COLD RECEPTION—DOESN'T TROUBLE EXPERIENCED COMMERCIAL.

Mr. E. WACK, 21, Pevensey Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea : FIGHT TO FINISH—HAS "SOBERED" MANY NATIONS.

Mrs. J. PERRETT, 54, Whitehouse Street, Bedminster: TAKEN IN—WASHING—THEN RAIN STOPS.

Mr. C. LINDFIELD, 19, Winchester St., Acton, London, W. : WISEST PLAN—MAKE MISSUS NO WISER.

Mr. R. CROSBY, 133, Fitzwilliam Street, Sheffield : FORBIDDEN LUXURY—HOPE KAISER'S PUNISHMENT ISN'T.

Mr. R. A. ALLEN, c.o. McKay, 214, West Princes Street, Glasgow :
PAYING THE FARE—THIS YEAR'S HOLIDAY "HAUNT."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims :—

JOHN HENNEGAN, 26, Marlboro' Road, Romford. February 3rd. 000533.

F. MALL, 77, Lillington Street, Westminster, S.W. February 3rd. 114,074.

A. W. LANCASTER, 11, Ferndale Avenue, East Bolden, Co. Durham. January 27th. A050,436.

DAVID BARR, 9, Market Street, Airdrie, Lanarkshire. January 27th. 372,453.

WILLIAM SLOAN, 24, Turret Place, Blaydon Haughs, Blaydon-on-Tyne. January 13th. 274,261.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 17th.

014,082	300,381	584,337	883,175	A325,511
036,450	334,719	623,191	945,287	A343,296
082,130	359,260	655,777	967,120	A366,750
117,448	372,901	662,108	A015,671	A428,345
145,967	415,655	736,634	A073,353	A469,850
185,304	426,703	748,115	A092,596	A491,232
196,026	493,410	779,451	A100,120	A497,391
247,459	513,065	792,163	A154,266	A535,250
269,125	546,137	816,906	A216,113	A540,109
283,246	575,751	859,248	A247,388	A566,558

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.
The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Feb. 28th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for February 17, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 150,226 and A501,624. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 1st.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(227) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, *if you are a regular and continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Feb. 24th, 1917. .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day
(Strike out one of these.)
Feb. 24th, 1917.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
Newsagent, of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home .....
.....

There's a place called Honolulu in the middle of the sea,
Where all the days are holidays and all the fishing's free;
Where the early morning dippers
Patronise our goblin trippers,
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